Every Week

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"Sobs"—Another Rattling Good Love St

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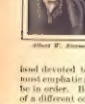
What Shall I Do About Buying a Farm Mortgage?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD



Albert W. Atwood

"I HAVE been urged by my local banker to buy a farm mortgage," writes a woman. "But I know nothing about farming and am in doubt."

If this woman had been advised to buy a farm, or an orange grove, or any other piece of land devoted to agricultural purposes, a most emphatic general answer of *no* would be in order. But a mortgage is a horse of a different color.

The reason so much money is lost in ill advised "investments" is because people do not distinguish between speculation, on the one hand, and speculation or business ventures on the other. A person may make several hundred per cent. through the purchase and operation of a business or agricultural enterprise or by the mere purchase of shares of stock. But rarely a person really invests a great deal more than money. What is put in is an act*ual* gamble at risk. Now, to put money in a tenancy in banking or political economy to tell the difference between a sound, conservative investment and a business venture. It is neither a gamble nor a highly technical distinction. It can be made by a child, almost. The trouble is that people are not contented with safe and sane investments of interest. They foolishly want safety, and a fortune along with it. They simply won't face the inexorable facts.

A Loan, Not an Investment

I SAY that if my correspondent had been urged to buy an orange grove, I would answer, no. Not because orange groves are not valuable property, but that to own an orange grove one ought to know something about it, and this particular woman doesn't. All she wants is a place for her money earn a reasonable return for her, and be safe in the process. There is one word in the English language that fairly well covers these requirements: that is the word *loan*. In other words, what she should do is not to buy property, but lend money to people who do own property.

The general answer to any one who asks whether a farm mortgage is a suitable investment is most decidedly, yes. There are one or two exceptions to be noted. A farm mortgage is not suitable for those who are likely to need money at any moment. It is not a marketable security. Farm mortgages are sold, but they are not resold. And there are other forms of security upon which it is easier to borrow. The farm mortgage is intended for the investor whose sole idea is to get a fair rate of interest, absolutely certain from the start, and to get back the principal intact at the end of two, three, or five years. If you can afford to lock up a few thousand dollars for a few years, then buy a farm mortgage and forget it.

Naturally, money for two and three years, or even for five years, is not fluctuate in price. There is nothing to be made in the way of profit. There is the 5, 6, or 7 per cent., as the case may be, and a hundred cents on the dollar back at the end of a few years, and nothing more.

Of course, a more unfamiliar way of farming or with the mortgage business can not go right out into the country and buy any mortgage. That would be suicidal. Without implying any criticism of the bulk of our most important producers, the art of farming it is a matter of common knowledge that many farms are run with

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inefficiency.

Name

are unfamiliar with the arming should buy farm mortgages from dealers, and only from dealers who have years of experience and a high standing in their own community. There are scores, perhaps hundreds, of such dealers throughout the country, and a large number of them have never lost a dollar for their clients. Insurance companies buy hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of farm mortgages, and they have lost practically nothing in the last thirty years.

Even among the most honest and experienced firms that deal in stocks and bonds there are practically none that have never been in unsuccessful ventures. In fact, to deal in bonds and stocks on a large scale and pick out the winners would require superhuman ability, whereas to pick out safe farm mortgages is quite another matter. Any one who will give their attention to it should will see the reason. Our great corporations are big and complicated, and affected by so many factors that it is beyond the power of man to predict exactly the outcome in any given case. But a farm is simpler. Honesty, skill, economy, and hard work on the part of the dealer are equal to the task. He is able to judge the value of the farm and find out whether the owner is reasonably competent.

The next time you are tempted to buy stock in some venture whose commercial success has not as yet actually been realized, stop a moment and ask yourself whether what you really require is not a sure 6 per cent. principal intact rather than a chance of big profits along with a chance of total loss. If you answer that question in the affirmative, ask your local bank for the address of a good dealer in farm mortgages.

Next week Mr. Atwood will write about "Investigating Before Investing."

How Can I Get Exercise When I Work in an Office All Day?

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

A YOUNG woman whose work confines her to a desk all day, asks me how she can keep physically fit.

Muscles as well as the mind must grow by exercise. Failing to get their fair share of this, they grow smaller and weaker. They become functionally more and more inefficient.

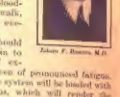
To illustrate: A young woman complains of "weak back" or of "chronic backache." Ordinarily, the physician might suspect that these symptoms were due to some reflex condition—some derangement of the internal organs.

Muscles Are Weakened by Disuse

YET, as likely as not, this girl may, as a consequence of sitting at her work for hours every day and neglecting to give the muscles of the back adequate exercise, have produced a weakened condition of those muscles which causes them to cry out for help when unsupported for any length of time. A similar condition may obtain as a result of the muscles being rendered flaccid and inefficient because of the continuous wearing of constricting, support-destroying corsets.

Indeed, to take another instance, it is highly probable that the old saying that "it hurts him to laugh" may be scientifically true. For, if one used the laughing muscles seldom or never, they actually would hurt when a hearty laugh was forced through them.

These hints will indicate what exercise should consist in and of. Simple reason demands that a girl who has to stand long hours each day should not attempt to walk to and from her work. A half hour's ride in an open car or on top of a bus—breathing deeply the while—would be the finest and most eminently sufficient exercise in the world for her. On the other hand, the girl who must sit at a desk or before a machine all day will be greatly benefited by a brisk, blood-circulating walk, ending in a morning and evening sing.



Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.

Nocturnine should be persisted in to the point of exhaustion, or even of pronounced fatigue. Otherwise, the system will be loaded with fatigue poisons, which will render the exercised even worse than the sedentary state.

Anything and everything that moves the muscles is good exercise—if it be done in the open air or in a well ventilated room—and more especially if it gives pleasure. Some simple bending exercises, aleft and morning, which give the intestinal muscles a thorough shaking up, are good. But the exercise will be far more beneficial if it can be secured in bowling, a game of tennis, or in some play combining real pleasure with the exercise.

Any straining feats—such as heavy dumb-bell lifting, exhausting runs, or no excessive indulgence in the one-step or tango—should be avoided, as they are quite likely to produce serious or even incurable injuries.

A judicious amount of moderation, and not too much of any one form of motion, is the most desirable method of exercising—not alone for workingwomen, but for everybody.

Each week Dr. Bowers answers the most interesting question. Next week: "If the Muscles Hurt Your Eyes."

One Minute with the Editor

Enter—The Girl of the Nutmeg Isle

GOOD-BY, Marie Dupont! We've had a lot of fun untangling your troubles. Next week we'll have you all straightened out. May you live happily ever afterward!

Without waiting quite for the end, we've got to push you into the back of the book, Marie, to make room for "The Girl of the Nutmeg Isle." We start her story next week—a tale of strong men and beautiful women, and a wonderful girl—all thrown together in that land of the unexpected, the South Sea Islands.

One writer, Beatrice Grimshaw, has made those islands her own. She begins next week to unfold the remarkable story of "The Girl of the Nutmeg Isle."

The girl herself doesn't appear for a while. But the adventures start in the first paragraph, with a rush.

On the first page—next week.

Women Up in the Air

QUITE a group of women make their living up in the air. Yes, you've guessed it: women aviators. Next week we

Unbeknownst this week, sends us this picture of the longest and most luxurious beard in the world. It is owned by Zachary T. Wilson, who he's not shaved for thirty-two years. Why he don't you send us an interesting picture?

publish a page of pictures of women aviators and some interesting stories about them.

We're Sorry

WE'RE guilty; we published it the story that the Department of Agriculture had offered $10,000 for two eggs of the passenger pigeon. Now we find that the author of the story got it all mixed up.

We're sorry to have set you all hunting eggs for nothing. You'll forgive us, won't you?

Thank You: How Do You Like "Sobs"?

DEAR EDITOR: Permit me to say that your story, "In the Room Across from His," is not only the best story published anywhere this year—in my humble opinion, it is the best story I have read this year.

And Torchy

ANOTHER Torchy story. And that article by Edward Hungerford, which tells why people pay five dollars a day for a room at an expensive hotel and then skip across the street to eat their meals at a dairy lunch.

Both—next week.

Vol. 1
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July 12,
1915

The Girl Who Wears Other People's Clothes

By
PEGGY OLSEN

Professional
Mannequin

Being pretty and having a good figure are only the obvious qualifications of the mannequin. It is just as necessary to be able to sense a gown. For instance, one must never use a walking-suit walk when wearing a ball-room gown.

Just as the girl in a candy shop does not eat sweets, so the mannequin does not care about expensive clothes. Peggy Olsen, as in this picture, is but nineteen and demure, off her own stage.

This little tailored suit might not be a picture as many a girl with just as good a face and just as good a figure. There is something about the tilt of the head—and it is acquired: yes, by long, long hours of practice.

I AM a mannequin—a girl who wears other people's clothes as a business. Every one has heard of the "cloak and suit model." A mannequin bears about the same relation to a cloak and suit model as a Fifth Avenue does to a Sixth Avenue restaurant. A dressmaker shows you a style in a book; a modiste may use a lay figure or even a living model for her designs; but the *couturier* employs a mannequin to exhibit his creations.

Must Know How to Wear Clothes

WEARING clothes sounds easy enough as a business. The trouble all comes in the word "wear." One must have a good figure—not too large and not too small—and a pretty or at least an attractive face, to get a high salaried position. But these are only preliminary things. One can't be a mannequin without them; but, having them, one is by no means sure of earning them. The real test comes in the wearing of clothes. A mannequin must have brains. Perhaps the quality of brains is not very high, as brains are rated; but it does take a certain amount of brains to know how to wear clothes.

A mannequin must know how to look well at once in a new style. She must be able to get into the atmosphere of every gown she wears—to adapt herself instantly to the idea of the costumer. Imagine how one would look strutting like a grenadier in a fluffy bit of imagination!

Walking, carriage, expression of the face and the body—all these things must be carefully studied to go with the lines and style of each gown.

Making a Sensation on Fifth Avenue

THE art of showing clothes is comparatively new in the United States. Dress exhibitions have been held from time to time, but this is the first year that we have followed the French custom of making an exhibition at the races and other fashionable meetings.

My first appearance, with thirteen other mannequins, in a coach-and-four on Fifth Avenue, made a sensation. It was early May, and all fourteen of us were dressed about one lap ahead of midsummer. You know, to show the fine things in a gown, it must be made a little more striking than it will actually be when worn. In my first public appearance I was a dream of black and white, which is not the quietest combination in the world.

I kept my coat off most of the afternoon, and, being dressed for midsummer, I was nearly frozen to death. But what has comfort to do with style? We wore summer furs when the days became hotter!

Wearing other people's clothes on a continual dress parade is an artificial life; I find that most mannequins do not care greatly about having expensive clothes of their own; the girl in the candy shop seldom eats of her wares, and when we lapse into every-day life, we are so tired of fancy things that we wear the plainest of tailor-mades.

Getting a Wife by Mail

"PHOTOGRAPH BRIDES" is the term by which they are officially designated. They come from Japan. Our government exercises a certain supervision over the marriage business where other countries are concerned; but the photographic wedding is an arrangement exclusively for persons hailing from Nippon.

In Japan it is not customary for a man to pick out a wife for himself. This is done about that a Japanese young man residing in the United States regards it quite as a matter of course to write a letter home and ask his parents to select a wife for him. They do so, and as a result there is an exchange of photographs. If he is satisfied, a marriage between them (recognized as legal in Japan) is duly registered in his own country.

The next thing is to ship the "photograph bride" to America, where, on arrival, she is met by her husband, and identified by comparison with the picture already in his possession.

He Must Stick to His Bargain

SOMETIMES she is pretty and attractive; often she is quite otherwise. But, in either case, she is his lawful wife. He must make the best of his bargain.

This, however, is not enough for the American government. The "photograph bride," before being admitted into the United States, is required to pass a medical examination. And, on the other hand, the bridegroom's character must be proved to be good. These facts satisfactorily ascertained, the two are married at the Immigration Office by a clergyman or justice of the peace.

The exceptional attractions of a Nipponese young lady, on a recent occasion, made no little trouble for the authorities. Her new-made husband fell violently in love with her at first sight; and his distress may well be imagined when he was informed that she would have to be sent back to Japan, because the examining physician had discovered that she was suffering from incipient trachoma.

The Japanese Consul to the Rescue

IT was the Japanese Consul who opportunely came to the rescue in his behalf. He wrote a letter to the Secretary of Labor at Washington, who alone has power to issue special "dispensations" in such instances, and that official, being of a sympathetic turn, wired an order to the effect that the young woman should receive medical treatment. A few weeks later she was pronounced cured, and was carried off in triumph by her husband.

Four Wives and 1,000 Servants

IT isn't often that New York receives a visit from a reigning prince of India; but when his Highness Jajajjit Singh Bahadur, Maharajah Raga-i-Rajgan of Karpathula, the Punjab, arrived, interest and curiosity ran high. The Maharajah, who is a descendant of an illustrious Sikh family, and who rules over 630 square miles of land, a thousand servants, four wives, and two of the most magnificent palaces in all India, arrived with a modest staff of eight servants, his fourth wife, and a son of eighteen years. The Maharanee, or Princess, who is the only one of the wives permitted to travel, was a Spanish dancer; and the beauty and vivacity typical of her race so enchanted the Maharajah that, under a law of his country which permits marriage with a foreigner, the ceremony was legalized shortly after their first meeting. The Princess has one son—a lad of five.

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The Maharajah's fourth wife; she was a Spanish dancer.

The Maharajah is a great traveler, having visited nearly every country in Europe and America, besides China, Java, and Japan. He succeeded to the throne as a minor at the age of five, and was invested with full powers of administration at eighteen. On the occasion of the great Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897, he was made a Knight Commander of the Star of India, and in 1902 was invested with the power of life and death over his subjects. "I have never exercised the power of death," he says, "and I always commute the death sentence of a criminal to life imprisonment. Since I have been ruler of Karpathula—my State—I have endeavored to further every progressive movement. I am democratic, and I am accustomed to European thought and ways."

The Maharajah lives in a royal palace standing in the center of a park of a thousand acres, which he caused to be built several years ago at a cost of two million dollars. All the fittings and decorations are in European style, as the Maharajah especially admires French and Spanish art. Formerly the ceiling of the Durbar or Assembly hall was covered with silver rupees, and the throne decorations were made of peacocks' eyes set in brilliants. The Maharajah is modern in his tastes, and all the public buildings in Karpathula are lighted by electricity, as are also the palaces. Outdoor sports are a pleasure and relaxation to the Maharajah. He is a fine tennis-player and bicyclist, and owns a water velocipede that is a perpetual source of wonder to his subjects. His favorite hobby, however, is animals, and he has a large number of blooded horses and dogs.

His Sons Educated at Oxford

HIS Highness has six sons, three of whom have been through Oxford. One of these is now in Flanders, acting as interpreter on the general staff of the British army, while another is with the three companies of Sikhs equipped by the Maharajah for the service of the British Empire. The Maharajah himself was educated by private tutors, and is a brilliant linguist, speaking English, French, Spanish, and German with ease. He has visited this country twice, his first visit being in 1892, when he was twenty years of age and desired to see the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. He is here to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, whence he will return to India by way of China and Japan.

Jajatjit Singh received the hereditary title of Maharajah, which means "greater rajah," on the occasion of the recent Coronation Durbar, when the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress made their visit to India in 1911. His income amounts to about a million dollars a year. He lives in royal fashion; for, although he has assimilated many modern ideas and customs, he is still in sympathy with the traditions of his people, and rules as his fathers did before him. However, he heartily promotes every progressive movement, and, despite his royal prerogatives, is said to be most genial and kindly to all classes, a courteous host and agreeable companion. The Maharajah stands fifth in order of precedence among the ruling chiefs of the Punjab, and is entitled to a salute of eleven guns.

She's an Expert on Bees

SUSAN B. HOWARD, of Wakefield, Massachusetts, is the only woman in the United States who has been asked to write a bulletin on bees for a State Board of Agriculture. But then, no other woman—or, at least, few others—knows so much about bees as Mrs. Howard. Yet she began her work as a bee-keeper with only a single hive, and that an old box hive such as our grandfathers used.

In the hive were a lot of bees that the owner was glad to be rid of. Mrs. Howard was a semi-invalid, and thought that the bees might give her a pleasant outdoor interest. They did—indeed, they interested her to such an extent that she just had to get well in order to look after them.

Why She Moved

FIRST, she broke up the old box and housed the bees in a strictly up-to-date hive, so arranged that the surplus honey could be taken out without killing a few thousand of the insects. Then some of the bees swarmed; but she caught them, put them in another hive, and so had two colonies. Next she bought a few colonies; and, almost before the neighbors knew it, the Howard back yard was filled with bees.

The insects were harmless enough, but there was much ducking and dodging as they came sailing by, and at preserving time they were sure to invade the kitchen, and any one who slapped at them was likely to get punctured. So Mrs. Howard moved them out into the country, where the number kept on growing, until now she has fifty colonies.

The apiary out among the trees looks like a miniature village. All the houses are painted white. Every hive has a number inscribed upon it, and the owner keeps accurate tabs on the work of each colony. If a hivefull of bees lags in honey-making, some drastic action is taken. Often the old queen is killed and another enthroned in her stead. Everything depends on the queen. If she does her work as she should, she will lay the seemingly impossible number of from three to four thousand eggs in a day, the weight being more than twice that of her own body.

Her ability to handle queens is one reason for Mrs. Howard's success. She now makes a specialty of raising high-grade queens to sell to other people whose bees are not producing as much honey as they should. And queen-breeding represents an advanced stage of bee-keeping skill.

When Mrs. Howard first began to keep bees, she would put on gloves and a veil and fasten down her sleeves every time she opened a hive. She laughs at such precautions now, taking a frame from a hive while thousands of bees are climbing over it, turning it around to look for the queen, and putting it back again without any protection save a "smoker," and usually without getting a sting. The smoker is used by all bee-keepers as a matter of course. It is a tin receptacle fitted with a little bellows, and burns any kind of material that will smolder and make a dense smoke. A little of this smoke blown into a hive demoralizes the bees and makes them easy to handle; but too much makes them vicious. Mrs. Howard knows the difference between too much and just enough.

The Drawbacks of Bee-Keeping

SOMETIMES Mrs. Howard is called upon to remove swarms of bees from houses, barns, or trees where their presence is objected to. She has traveled in street-cars, with thousands of bees in a box between her feet, without anybody suspecting the fact; and when other bee-keepers (men bee-keepers, too) have got into trouble, she has been called upon to help them out. Every year she takes hundreds of pounds of honey from her apiary, and people come from far and near to buy it, for they know it is pure. In point of fact, there is very little adulterated honey in the market now—though that is a statement which city people will not believe. Mrs. Howard admits that bee-keeping has its drawbacks—that occasional stings are inevitable, that the hives are heavy to move about, and that an apiary is a hot place in the middle of July; yet she believes that it is a line of work in which other women can be just as successful as she has been. And one does not need to be a bee-keeper in order to get stung.

She laughs at veils and gloves, and examines frames covered with thousands of bees bare-handed.

You're Known by Your Ears

Have you ever made a study of ears? They're interesting. Look at the ears of the people in the next street-car you enter: you can pick out the patrician ears, and the low-brow ears; the generous ears, and the stingy ones—and sometimes you can read the whole history of the owner in his, or her, ears. There's the girl whose right ear sticks out from her head, for instance: you'd know that she spent her days in an office; yes, you'd know it even if she wore furs and diamonds. Be good to your ears. Don't drag them out of place: they tell more about you than you sometimes suspect.

Sobs

By DANA BURNET

Illustrations by Robert Amick

SHE appeared at our elbows without warning, slim, gray-eyed, with neat hands and a frightened mouth. Her nickname, I think, came with her, like the invisible crown in the fairy tale. The staff, glancing through the damp pages of the first edition that Monday morning, perceived with unerring eye the traces of a newcomer to the fold; then, looking about, saw her sitting at a cast-off desk against the files, very strange and white and miserable.

Said Billy Mellvane, departing to unravel the day's leading mystery: "A sob artist on the Gazette—and I have lived to see it! Why don't we send the copy paper and tie ribbons on the city editor? Good-by—and heaven help us all!"

Then Mellvane departed to discover who put the bomb in the cathedral, or the Democrats in Congress; departed sadly, knowing that the old order of things had passed. The employment of the sob sister is the sign manual of ultra-progressive journalism.

Mellvane was not hysterical when he said "Heaven help us all!" The paper had changed hands some two weeks before, and ever since that electrifying event one of the staff had been fidgeting on the edge of nervous disorders, wondering when the heads would begin to fall. The new owner had chosen to remain a mystery. No one knew who or what he was. But it is an accepted thing that when a paper changes hands it also changes personnel. So we fidgeted.

But not a head fell. Instead one head was added, and that of a revolutionary nature.

As an ornament Sobs would have done very nicely; but as a working unit we doubted her.

SOBS belonged to the Special Page. Her opening paragraphs alone would have driven the city desk to absinthe. She began her stories on the back doorstep, where some member of the human race invariably sat sobbing, and slowly, through a maze of hyphenated phrases that she tearfully called her "vocabulary," led the reader to the poverty-stricken garret and the fact that a certain deserving family needed work and underwear. Sobs would have lasted thirty minutes as a reporter; but on the Special Page she did very creditably—although the staff knew within a week that she would never write a decent story as long as she lived.

When this fact became firmly established in the minds of the shop there occurred a subtle change in the atmosphere of the Gazette's reportorial rooms. The gentlemen of the lobster trick, for instance, always put their collars on before eight o'clock, so as to be civilized when Sobs arrived. Elton, the assistant managing editor, stopped swearing out loud except on stories over two columns. But the greatest concession was made by Billy Mellvane, the original scoffer.

One morning he came in very early, took a copy-boy by the scruff of the neck, and with threats of immediate exterminations succeeded in persuading that child of leisure to move Sobs' desk out of unspeakable darkness into the light. Conversely, this necessitated the translation of Mellvane's desk from the light into the darkness,—no mean sacrifice. Then Mellvane swore his fellow conspirator to silence with a quarter and proceeded to thump his asthmatic old typewriter in the cruel yellow glare of a dangling electric light bulb.

When Sobs arrived and saw what had transpired her ornamental gray eyes became very big and solemn, the color flooded her usually pale cheeks. For almost an hour she sat staring at a gray heap of copy paper, the stump of a pencil gripped helplessly in her small white fist. Then she rose, swallowing at a lump in her throat, and walked over to Billy Mellvane's gloomy habitat.

"I'm very much obliged," she said, trying desperately to keep the quaver out of her voice; "but I can't accept it, you know."

"Beg pardon?"

Billy unfolded his six-foot bulk from the broken-backed chair and stood up, smiling innocently.

"This light," said Sobs, breathing fast, "it—it's bad for your eyes."

Mellvane shook his head. "I'm used to it," he declared. "Fact is, I much prefer it. I asked the Old Man to let me swap places with you. Daylight gives me 'stigmatism. Didn't think you'd mind. Didn't think—"

Sobs stood gazing at him with her solemn gray eyes. "You did it because you were kind," she said.

"I'm telling you—" began Mellvane.

"I'm telling you—" began Mellvane. Then he looked down and saw the utterly ornamental gray eyes filled with tears. So he growled at her, in the brutish manner of a man in the brutish manner of a man whose good deeds have returned to whose good deeds have returned to bore him. "I am a bully and a tyrant," said Mellvane surly. "I go about pushing innocent persons' desks into strange corners and curdling the paper's esprit de corps. I always pick on some one smaller than myself. Appeals to my better nature than myself. Appeals to my better nature are entirely useless. Now you know what I really am."

Sobs put one hand to her breast; dropped it again. "I know," she said, and walked back to her desk by the window.

So Mellvane fell into the habit of bullying the sob sister, which is a dangerous habit as men and women go. One afternoon he leaned on her desk.

"I am coming for you to-night at six," said Mellvane. "We will have dinner together, and then we will go to a theater that is operated by a friend of mine."

"No!" said Sobs.

"At six," said Mellvane, and went out to determine, in the interests of his fellow men, whether a certain ex-President of the United States would or would not run again.

THAT night, throned in one corner of a small table d'hôte restaurant typical of the spaghetti renaissance, Sobs and Mellvane came to be chums. She was dressed in a trim suit of dark blue, with her best hat to top it off, and she looked unusually ornamental (thought Mellvane) as she bent toward him in the imitation candlelight. Her gray eyes, he found, were eloquently expressive and sparkling when she smiled.

"By the way," said Mellvane, "I have a front name, and it is William. I find it very useful. I wonder what yours is?"

"It's—Ammonia," said Sobs, flushing to the roots of her hair, "and it isn't useful at all."

Mellvane was accustomed to strange confessions, in any and all circumstances. "Ammonia," he said. "I think."

"It's a very nice name, I think."

"Oh, do you really?" she cried, her eyes brightening. "I always thought it horrible. You see, all the children in our family were named for flowers, and—I suppose I didn't have much color," a little grimace twisted her lips; "so they named me that. I hated it."

"It could be shortened to Ann," suggested Mellvane.

Sobs looked up with a pink spot in each cheek.

"I like my other name better," she said, "my—office name."

Mellvane stared aghast.

"Don't you think I know my nickname?" she asked, smiling.

"Forgive us," said Mellvane sheepishly. "We're a lot of unprincipled brutes. We'd nickname a saint. We call the boss 'Persimmons,' you know, and—you really mustn't mind."

"Mind! I like it!"

"Why!"

"Because it makes me one of you, a part of the paper, a part of the shop. I've never been a part of anything before. I've always been on the outside, watching and wondering how it would feel to belong. You've seen that exterminating thin little girl who stares into shop windows around Christmas time? Well, I'm that little girl, grown up. It isn't so much that I want to write or do things. I just want to belong. I was born on a farm,—the seventh child,—and I never belonged to anything in this world but a blue china dog and a Maltese kitten with the mange. When I got my job—my *job*!—on the Gazette I thought I should die of happiness. And when I found out that you had actually given me a nickname—a dear, silly old shop title—I—I cried."

"Good Lord!" said Mellvane.

"YOU probably think it's unutterably silly; but you don't know, you never will know, what it means to me. Why, I go to sleep nights with that dear jumble of noises in my ears! The rattle of the telegraph instruments, the chatter of typewriters, the voices yelling for copy, even Mr. Elton's swear words,—they all help to fill a big emptiness in me somewhere. I can't tell you how it is, but I know it's what I've wanted all my life, and I think I should die if I lost my job now!"

"Lose your job? Nonsense! You're turning out some bully good stuff. Er—everybody says so."

"Oh," she cried, "do you really mean it?"

Mellvane nodded vigorously, finding his white lie exceptionally pleasant.

"That is the most beautiful thing I have ever had said to me," gasped Sobs. "And to have you say it! Why, I have read your stories day after day—"

"How did you know they were mine?"

"As though any one wouldn't know! And when I got blue I told myself that I was working shoulder to shoulder with the best newspaper man in the city. Right in the same office—"

"Somebody has been stringing you."

"It's true. Every one says so. You are splendid! And now to have told me what you did—to have given me your friendship—"

She was looking down at her plate, and her lips were trembling.

"You'll probably be sorry when you know how silly and sentimental I am. But you stand for all that is best in it, for me."

"You must not say such things," said Mellvane with unusual gentleness.

"Very well, I won't—after this. But I had to tell you. I think," she added, "that the newspaper life is the finest, the bravest, the most beautiful existence in all the world!"

Mellvane could only stare at her.

"There is so much of laughter in it," she cried, "even when the rest of the world is dying of grief. We brush elbows with death every day. We see misery and poverty and sorrow, love and pride and wealth, tears and hope and despair. We see children playing, and women toiling under burdens. We see men of all sorts and conditions,—vagabonds, dreamers, laborers, saints, murderers, hypocrites. We make a comrade of life, and walk close at the side of death. And through it all we manage somehow to sound the one note of laughter that brings

"Sobs stood gazing at him with her solemn gray eyes. 'You did it because you were kind,' she said."

it out of the shadow into the sunlight. And the men and women who follow this trade are the kindest men and women in the world. Tell me, am I right?"

Billy Mellvane, who had followed the tender to his own large disillusionment, looked into the ornamental gray eyes of the sob sister and lied like a gentleman. "Quite right!" he said.

LATER they rode in a clattering trolley until they came to a radiant entrance way where men and women streamed. Sobs was in heaven. She could have clapped her hands with joy at the white, bare shoulders of the women, the fascinating sleekness of the men's silk hats, the gleaming immaculateness of their linen.

Pushing through the stream, elbow elsewhere, Mellvane spoke winged words to a white-haired, waxen-faced man who stood a little to one side of the box-office throng. The man nodded, smiled woodenly, reached in his pocket, and drew out two torn pieces of blue pasteboard. The doors opened. They went in. Sobs was dumb at her companion's omnipotence. There is no power so impressive as the power to penetrate gratuitously the doors of a theater.

"I think you must be very important," she whispered as they found their seats.

Doubtless she did. For was she not a child, and had he not led her into fairyland?

THE mystery who had bought the Gazette continued to remain a mystery. But his psychological presence was to be noted in the altered aspects of the newspaper's existence. The old Gazette took on a new complexion. We now boasted a cartoonist, and a regulation seven-column humorous artist who drew more money a week than any two of us put together.

The Gazette, it was whispered, had gone out for circulation. Our editorial policy was shaped to a general glorification of Big Business. We of the staff, who were trained to see the ghost at every feast of words, began to have glimmerings of our new owner.

"The trusts have got us," grinned young Williams, a lad fresh from college, who had not yet learned to smother unpleasant truths.

Said Gardner, another youngster, "Well, if the trusts have got us, I take it I may ask for my raise."

So he went in to Persimmons, and asked for his raise. The next day he was very quiet and preoccupied. The rest of us said nothing; but we knew that Gardner had listened to pointed homilies on the difference between a young man one year out of college and forty dollars a week. Yet in spite of the example of Gardner there was an ever increasing tendency to gravitate toward the Old Man's door. If the Gazette had tossed aside its former dignity to ask for unrighteous dividends, we also would toss aside our dignity and ask.

Some of us got what we asked for; some of us did not. But the Gazette's expenses went up. We could tell by the way the Old Man ripped into our weekly bills. "Incidentals" were not to be endured. Taxicabs, except in extreme cases, were entirely unthinkable.

All this served to create an atmosphere of extraordinary irritation in the city room.

ABOUT the only cheerful thing in the shop was Sobs. I think it was her eyes that gave the appearance of being glad. They had come by a new light these latter days, especially when she looked at Billy Mellvane. She carried with her an illusion of brightness as subtle, as indefinable, as the glory of the first day in spring. Without knowing it we came to count on her presence in the dingy old shop. The feeling did not go so far as sentiment. We merely depended upon her to be there, precisely as we depended upon the April sun to drop in for a tarnished hour or two at the front windows.

And Billy Mellvane depended upon her most of all.

They had grown to be fast friends, these two. Never a week went by but they planned some vast expedition together,—either an adventure into the spaghetti renaissance, or an excursion to the theater, or, at the very least, an onslaught on the Par Excellence Motion Picture Emporium.

Mellvane formed the pleasant habit of strolling past Sobs' boarding-house in the spring twilights. Sometimes she was to be found seated on the brownstone steps, in the convention-defying manner of the country maiden. But more often she waited in the charmed circle of the street lamp on the corner, because she preferred the clean drift of the sidewalk throngs to the stagnant dinginess of her chatelaine's grim "best parlor."

THE rain had been falling steadily all afternoon when Sobs came in, dripping wet, and stopped at Mellvane's desk with such a light on her face as it is given to a man to see only once or twice in a lifetime.

"The biggest thing I've ever had," she whispered breathlessly, "and I dug it up myself! I had to tell you."

Mellvane smiled delightedly. "It isn't news, is it? If it is, you ought to tell the desk."

"It isn't news. It's a special, a very whopper of a special. Wait until you see."

"Go to it," said Mellvane fervently.

She turned away with his slangy benediction ringing in her ears. A few moments later Mellvane glanced up, to find her driving a stubby pencil furiously over the copy paper. Uneasiness stirred in him as he watched. He decided that he would have a look at her whopper before it started up the chute to the composing room.

Then the city editor appeared at his desk, smiling, in absolute contradiction to all well regulated city editors of fiction, apologized for sending him out in the rain, and asked him to cover a shooting in a fashionable hotel uptown. Mellvane, gathering up his raincoat, stuffing sheets of paper into his pockets, and otherwise outfitting himself for the fashionable shooting, promptly forgot all about Sobs and her story.

Thus do the gods mingle in the affairs of men.

IT is permitted a newspaper to make partisan mistakes. But there is one mistake that can never be countenanced, and that is the black sin of "railroading" copy. The editor of the Special Page, for the favor of whose smiles Sobs toiled, was in a decided hurry that afternoon. It was a Saturday afternoon, and the Special Page editor considered that he had a right to be in a hurry. He desired to catch a train to the country. So when Sobs came in to him with twenty pages of smeared copy to read he merely glanced at it, nodded vaguely (he was thinking of his train), told her to write her own head for it and send it up the chute. Then he went to the country, with the peace of a man who has filled his page and done his duty by the commonwealth.

He had sent Sobs out to get a story about the working girls in a "model" clothing factory. He had received a hint from the Old Man that such a story would do very nicely on Monday's page. So he had sent Sobs out. Doubtless she had come back with the regulation pat-on-the-back for the painted factory and a few tears of joy on the part of the young women operators for being permitted to work in such a heavenly environment. The Special Page editor flattered himself that he had taught Sobs her job. Could he have seen the flaming headline that she was even at that moment writing, he would not have been flattered. He would have been unspeakably profane.

When she had quite finished with her headline Sobs looked around for Mellvane; she wanted to show him her handiwork.

At that moment the desk telephone rang. She heard one of the copy-readers say, "Hello, Billy!" and knew that Mellvane was out on a story. She decided to wait until he came back. But the copy-reader, placing his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone, turned and spoke to the city editor.

"Mac says that shooting doesn't amount to anything. A porter pinked another porter in the arm. No excitement. He wants good night."

The city editor nodded, and the copy-reader took his hand off the mouthpiece.

"All right. Good night, Billy," he said, and hung up the receiver.

Sobs placed her story in the chute with a little sigh of disappointment. She had so wanted to show Mellvane her handiwork.

That, as has been said, was on a Saturday. On Monday morning, at nine-fifteen, the paper went to press for the first edition of the week. At nine-thirty-five the first copies were brought into the city room and distributed among the members of the staff. At nine-thirty-seven a cyclone broke loose in the reportorial offices of the Evening Gazette.

Both Mellvane and I happened to be out on assignments. We heard the story from our brothers who were present. They said that there came at first a subdued roaring from the vicinity of Persimmons' private den; then Persimmons himself appeared on the threshold—a sight, said the staff, to make a strong man afraid. He shouted to the assistant managing editor, who was under his nose, to the city editor, who was across the room, and especially to the Special Page editor, who was standing with an open copy of the paper in his hands, staring at it as though he could not believe his eyes. The Old Man's language, said the staff, had never been surpassed, either in point, fluency, or volume.

WHEN the door closed upon these four men a hush fell over the office, the calm at the heart of the cyclone. In that calm the staff became aware of the fact that some one was acutely unhappy. They looked up, to find Sobs crying desolately at her desk by the window. Then they knew. On the left-hand side of the Special Page flared a two-column headline reading:

TWO HUNDRED GIRLS WORK DAILY IN SHADOW OF DEATH—DOORS KEPT LOCKED—FIRE ESCAPES A FLIMSY SHAM.

And somehow, although they did not then know the full import of Sobs' sin, they guessed that this was the story that had driven the Old Man to the verge of apoplexy.

In a very short time the Old Man's door opened, Osborn, the Special Page editor, came out. He looked pale, and tired, and old. Without glancing to the right or left, he walked over to the nail that had been his for ten years, lifted his coat off the nail, settled his hat on his head wrong end to, and shuffled out of the office.

A copy-boy appeared at Sobs' side, spoke in her ear. She rose, frightened half to death, and went into the Old Man's den. When she came out there were no tears in her eyes, no traces of tears on her cheek. Her face had hardened into definite lines of pain. She too went to her particular nail on the wall, took down her hat—she had been so proud of that particular nail!

FIVE minutes later the editorial staff of the Evening Gazette was proceeding tranquilly to get out a newspaper, precisely as though nothing had occurred. But the second edition contained no hint of a model clothing factory that defied the rules and regulations laid down by the laws of the commonwealth.

The damage, however, had been done. The "Yellows" had spotted Sobs' story in our first edition, and before night they were playing it as news, with seven-column scarheads and hosed interviews from the no doubt vastly bewildered factory girl who had first tripped Sobs off to the condition of things. Coincidentally the editorial columns of these papers demanded all manner of investigation into the cause of such malfeasance.

The trust (screamed one of the editorials) has become so confident of the POWER OF ITS WEALTH that it has DARED DEFY THE LAW! Multimillionaire JAMES J. BLUNT, the head of the OCTOPUS, must be made to answer for his DEFIANCE OF THE LAW. The lives of the people MUST BE SAFEGUARDED—(Etc., etc.)

This was not the worst of the editorials. The worst—by far the worst—was a double-leaded, large-type broadside in the Evening Flame, alleging that James J. Blunt, multimillionaire and head of the Octopus, owned the Evening Gazette. This particular sheet employed a bludgeoning brand of humor calculated to strike the street-corner sport, and the bludgeon was laid on with a will in recounting the story of the Gazette's "unintentional betrayal of its master." Where the Flame got its professed information Heaven only knows. But every man in the Gazette office knew that newspapers do not thrust their precious noses into libel suits without a few facts flung to windward.

THAT same night Gardner, Williams, and I sat in a private room of the little spaghetti restaurant with a good dinner going to waste under our noses. Now and then one of us perfunctorily attacked a stray morsel; but there was small sincerity of appetite. We spoke but little, and then only of some distant topic, such as the weather.

The door opened and Mellvane came in. He looked white and tired as he dropped down at the table.

"Well?" we asked in chorus.

"She's gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes. I went to her boarding-house. The woman told me she had gone. Frightened to death, probably, with all this newspaper howl."

"But where has she gone, man? You found that out, didn't you?" It was Williams who asked.

Mellvane stared at us with vague eyes. "Oh, yes, I found that out. She's gone—back to her farm."

"Where's her farm?" asked Gardner.

"I don't know," said Mellvane dully.

Williams leaned forward with a light in his eye.

"I know!" he cried. "We were swapping histories one day, and she told me all about it. It—it's in Pennsylvania."

We looked at Williams in pitying silence.

Mellvane sat slumped in his chair, the hat that he had forgotten to remove pulled down over his eyes. His face was pinched and wan.

"I've got to find her," he said. "I might have saved her all this—and I didn't. I might have saved her her job. She told me once that she would die if she lost her job. She was prouder of her place in the shop than I would be of a place in heaven. She thought that newspaper people were the White Knights of the Universe. God knows what she thinks of us now! Fired because she told the truth about a rotten old death-trap! Fired because she stepped on a prominent advertiser's toes! Free press—hell! I know what I'm going to do."

"What?" asked Gardner.

"Quit!"

He rose and walked to the door, oblivious of the fact that his dinner had begun to arrive in job lots. At the threshold he turned, settling his hat more firmly on his head.

"I'll find her," he said, "if she's in this world!"

IT so happened that Mellvane did not quit in just the manner he had intended. At eight o'clock the next morning two imperfectly insulated wires became crossed in the ceiling of the third floor of the Blunt Wholesale Clothing Factory, Inc., and at eight-thirty the extras were on the street with a partial list of the dead. Williams, Gardner, and I, with two men from Police Headquarters, were covering for the Gazette. It was the biggest fire in ten years. At eleven o'clock we telephoned to Mellvane, who was writing the story, that twenty girls' bodies had been taken from the ruins. There would probably be more, we said.

There is no need to dwell upon that fire, the details of which were known from

one end of the land to the other before nightfall. Working in that red hell, drenched with the spray, blinded by the stinging breaths of smoke, we became mere automatons recording each separate horror as we stumbled across it in the black fog. The sun had gone out. The only light we had was the red wall of flame that made our story. A floor fell—and a squad of firemen died. We telephoned to Mellvane.

IN the atmosphere of the Gazette office there was something more than the thrill of a big story. Mellvane told us afterward that that something was guilt. He said it sickened him so that he could hardly put the details of the fire into English.

About the middle of the morning a short, fat man in a fur coat walked into the Gazette building, scuttled through the city room, and disappeared in the Old Man's office. The fat man was James Blunt.

When our story appeared in the street there loomed a large two-column box in the middle of the front page, containing a signed statement from James Blunt. In this statement Blunt expressed his horror at the accidental holocaust on his premises, neatly shouldered the blame on to a foreman named Schmidt, and closed with the announcement that he would contribute ten thousand dollars to the families of the deceased. It was a masterly statement. The foreman named Schmidt was at that moment lying under a sheet on the sidewalk opposite the burning building. He had died in the attempt to keep two hundred girls from crowding into one small elevator.

A story such as this is built paragraph by paragraph, as the day goes. Late in the afternoon I telephoned to Mellvane a bit of "color" that I had picked up from one of the survivors. It was when writing this small addition to the account that his inspiration fell upon him. As he put the fresh sheet of paper into his typewriter it occurred to him suddenly, and for the first time, that Sobs would be reading his story to-night. Wherever she was, whatever she was doing, he knew that she would read his story. How childishly simple, then, to slip in one brief line intended for her eyes alone! Mellvane leaned back and laughed aloud.

"Send 0 over to short takes," snapped the copy-reader, turning a wan face in Mellvane's direction. "We've only got a few minutes."

The reporter nodded. His fingers flew over the keys until a dozen sentences had been laid on the paper. Then he jerked it out of the machine, crumpled it into a ball, and picked up a fresh copy-boy's hand, and picked up a fresh sheet. Three times this process was repeated. Finally the copy-reader, glancing at his watch, made a gesture.

"Shut it off!" he said, and lay back in his chair with a sigh of weariness.

Mellvane had just put in a new sheet. In the upper left-hand corner of this sheet he now wrote, "Add Fire—4," and in the upper right-hand corner "Must go Rush." Then, twirling the roller, he pounded out the following paragraph:

Sobs:—Meet me as usual six o'clock. Will wait every night until you come.

Taking the paper from the machine, he strolled nonchalantly to the copy chute, placed it in the little wire cage, and sent his personal message scooting up to the composing room. Then Mellvane went back to his desk and rolled a cigarette.

TO approach the verge of apoplexy twice in two consecutive days is a serious matter for a man of Persimmons' temperament. Yet that is what happened when the last edition came down, with Mellvane's ridiculous "add" trailing at the end of the great fire story. The last few sentences of the masterpiece run as follows:

I told Mame we'd get out all right. I told her just to stick to the window ledge till they could get the ladders up. But she kept screaming, "I'm going to jump! I'm going to jump!" That was the last I saw of her. The next thing I knew I was lying on the sidewalk with a doctor bending over me.

Sobs: Meet me as usual six o'clock. Will wait every night until you come.

To the casual eye the closing sentence might have seemed merely a *faux pas* of

"'You are too fat, mentally and morally—especially morally. Your soul,' added the reporter, 'is a ham.'"

hasty editing. But Persimmons did not possess the casual eye. He sent for the city editor.

"Who wrote this story?" he bellowed, forgetting the presence of Blunt, who still sat in a corner of the office, playing with a paper knife.

"Mac wrote it," said the city editor, feeling that if his star man had fallen down he would go out and invite the heavens to fall.

"Send him in here!" snapped Persimmons.

The city editor sorrowfully sought out his prize reporter.

"The boss wants to see you," he said. Then the city editor walked over to his own desk, dropped his head on his arms, and wished he was not a city editor.

MELVANE went into the Old Man's den.

"In the name of Heaven," said Persimmons, pointing to the "add," "what has this sentence to do with the story?"

"It hasn't anything to do with the story," said Mellvane.

And then, because he knew that it would save time, he told the Old Man as plainly as language would allow just why he had written the mysterious sentence. "Of course, sir, I wish to resign," he concluded simply.

James Blunt put down the paper knife.

"Resign—hell! You're fired! This is my paper. I'm firing you." His voice crooked. "You can go out now and walk the streets with that little she-devil who started all this trouble. You'll make a fine pair, you and that little she—"

Mellvane put out his hand and took the fat man by the throat. "You must not talk like that," he said quietly, looking down at James Blunt from his six-foot height. "You must not ever say anything like that again—because, if you do, I will hit you and you will die!"

BLUNT'S face was a deep purple. He shook himself free from that gripping hand, struggled to his feet, breathing hard. His voice came thickly:

"I'll break you, you young mountebank! I'll break you for this! You'll never get another job in this city—in this country! I'll put men on your trail, damn you! I'll follow you to hell, you and your wench—"

Mellvane's fist shot out, and James Blunt crumpled suddenly into his chair. The Old Man made a leap for Mellvane—and was flung against a bookcase for his pains.

"I had hoped to get away without doing business with you," said Mellvane, addressing himself to Blunt. "But now that we have been introduced I will tell you what your trouble is. You are too fat. You are too fat physically, mentally, and morally—especially morally. Your soul," added the reporter, with a little twitch of his lips, "is a ham!"

James Blunt wept in his chair.

"You must not think I hate you," said Mellvane, with gruesome, devilish humor. "I pity you—as I have often pitied other murderers. You spoke of breaking me. You could not possibly do that. The only weapon you have is money, and your lawyers will need that to keep you out of jail."

He stood gazing down at the man who was too fat.

"I do not think I want to look at you any longer," said Mellvane, and walked out of the office forever.

I SKIP a day; in fact, I skip two. For it was not until twilight of the second day that Mellvane found Sobs standing under their particular street lamp, waiting for him as she had often waited before. And as he came hastening toward her from the shadow a belled voice across the city began to strike slowly,—one, two, three, four, five, six.

"You came!"

She tried to speak; but the new note in his voice struck her dumb, crushed back the words. She could only put out her hands to him, there in the lamplight.

"My dear," he said. "My dear!"

It was quite enough. The traffic roared and whirled and eddied about their corner; the lamplight flared pitilessly in their faces; pedestrians stopped and stared at them curiously.

They did not see. They did not hear. They did not care—oh, most certainly they did not care! They had touched the bright hem of Paradise with trembling fingers, drawn the starry garment over their shoulders, veiled themselves from the eyes of the earth.

"You read my story?"

"I tried to. I tried to forget the Gazette, the shop, the people—even you! But something in me kept remembering, remembering. Then came the news of the fire. The local paper got out an extra. There was only one Gazette in the village, and that belonged to a subscriber. But I paid the newsdealer a quarter to let me read it through. I knew it was your story the moment I saw the lead. And at the very end—"

"It was only a chance," said Mellvane huskily.

She lifted shining eyes to his face.

"It was the surest thing in the world!" said Sobs.

The End of the Path

By NEWBOLD NOYES

Illustrations by J. C. Coll

SET far back in the hills that have thrown their wall of misty purple about the laughing blue of Lake Como, on a sheer cliff three thousand feet above the lake, stands a little weather-stained church. Beneath it lie the two villages of Cadenabbia and Menaggio; behind and up are rank on rank of shadowy mountains, sharply outlined against the sky,—the foothills leading back to the giant Alps.

The last tiny cream-colored house of the villages stands a full two miles this side of the tortuous path that winds up the face of the chrome-colored cliff. Once a year, in a creeping procession of black and white, the natives make a pilgrimage to the little church to pray for rain in the dry season. Otherwise it is rarely visited.

Blagden climbed slowly up the narrow path that stretched like a clean white ribbon from the little group of pastel-colored houses by the water. There was not a breath of wind, not a rustle in the gray-green olive trees that shimmered silver in the sunlight. Little lizards, sunning themselves on warm flat stones, watched him with brilliant eyes, and darted away in safety as he moved. The shadows of the cypress trees barred the white path like rungs of a ladder. And Blagden, drinking deep of the beauty of it all, climbed upward.

WHEN he opened the low door of the little chapel the cold of the darkness within was as another barrier. He stepped inside, his footsteps echoing heavily through the shadows, though he walked on tiptoe. After the brilliant sunlight outside he could make out but little of the interior at first. At the far end four candles were burning, and he made his way toward them across the worn floor.

In a cheap, tarnished frame of gilt, above the four flickering pencils of light, hung a picture of the Virgin. Blagden stared at it in amazement. It had evidently been painted by a master hand. Blagden was no artist; but the face told him that. It was drawn with wonderful appreciation of the woman's sweetness.

"An old man in the gown of a monk."

Perhaps the eyes were what was most wonderful,—pitiful, trusting, a little sad perhaps.

The life-sized figure, draped in smoke-colored blue, blended softly with the dusky shadows, and the flickering candlelight lent a witchery to blurred outlines that half deceived him,—at moments the picture seemed alive. She was smiling a little wistful smile.

And the canvas over the heart of the Virgin was cut in a long, clean stroke—and opened in a disfiguring gash. Beneath it, on a little stand, lay a slim-bladed, vicious knife, covered with dust.

Blagden wonderingly stooped to pick it up—and a voice spoke out of the darkness behind him.

"I would not touch it, Signor," it said, and Blagden wheeled guiltily.

A MAN was standing in the shadow, almost at his elbow.

He was old, the oldest man Blagden had ever seen, and he wore the long brown gown of a monk. His face was like a withered leaf, lined and yellow, and his hair was silver white.

Only the small, saurian eyes held Blagden with their strange brilliance. The rest of his face was like a death mask.

"Why not?" said Blagden.

The monk stepped forward into the dim light, crossing himself as he passed the picture. He looked hesitatingly at the younger man before him, searching his face with his wonderfully piercing eyes. He seemed to find there what he was searching for, and when he spoke Blagden wondered at the gentleness of his voice.

"There is a story. Would the Signor care to hear?"

Blagden nodded, and the two moved back in the shadows a short distance to the front line of little low chairs. Before them, over the dancing light of the four candles, stood the mutilated picture of Mary, beneath it the dust-covered dagger.

And then the withered monk began speaking, and Blagden listened, looking up at the picture.

"IT all happened a great many years ago," said the old man, "but I am old, so I remember.

"Rosa was the girl's name. She lived with her father and mother in a little house above Menaggio. And every day in the warm sunlight of the open fields she sang as she watched the goats for the old people, and her voice was like cool water laughing in the shadows of a little brook.

"She was always singing, little Rosa; for she was young, and the sun had never stopped shining for her. People used to call her beautiful.

"And there was Giovanni. Each morning he would pass her home where the yellow roses with the pink hearts grew so sweetly, and always she would blow him a kiss from the little window.

"Then Giovanni would toil with all the strength of his youth, and he too would sing while he toiled; for was it not all for her?

"Often Rosa's goats would stray toward Giovanni's vineyard as dusk came, and they would drive them home together, always laughing, always singing, hand in hand, as the sun slipped golden over the top of the hills across the lake. Sometimes they would walk together in the afterglow, and Giovanni would weave a crown of the little flowers that grew about them, and his princess would wear it, laughing happily.

"They were like two children, Signor.

There were nights spent together on the lake, when he told her of his dreams, while the gentlest of winds stirred her curls against his brown cheek, and the moon's wake stretched like a golden pathway from shore to shore.

"They were to be married when the grapes were picked, people used to whisper.

"AND then one day a new force came into the girl's life. The Church, Signor!

"No one understands when or why this comes to a young girl, I think. She was born with the idea that she should join her church, go into the little nunnery across the lake, and leave the sunshine.

"She did not want to go, and it was a strange yet a beautiful thing. This young, beautiful girl who seemed so much a part of the sunshine and the flowers was to close the door of the Church upon it all!

"You are thinking it was strange, Signor.

"Giovanni was frantic—you can understand.

"He had dreamed so happily of that which was to be, that now to have the cup snatched from his lips was torture. He took her little sun-kissed hands in his and begged on his knees with tears streaming down his cheeks. And Rosa wept also—but could not answer as he begged. I think she loved the boy, Signor. Yet there is something stronger than the love of a boy and a girl.

"She asked for one more night in which to decide. She would come up here to this little church and pray for Mary to guide her. He kissed her cold lips and came away.

"He was a boy, and he never doubted but that she would choose his strong young arms.

"The girl came here. All night she knelt on the rough stone floor, praying and—weeping; for she loved him. And the Virgin above the four candles looked down with the great, wistful eyes you see—and bound the girl's soul faster and faster to her own.

"And when morning came she entered the white walls across the lake without seeing her lover again.

"GIOVANNI went mad, I think, when they told him. He screamed out his hate for the world and his God, and rushed up the little white path to where we are sitting now, Signor.

"Once here, he drew the dagger you see beneath the Virgin and stabbed with an oath on his lips. That is why I did not let you touch it."

Blagden nodded, and the old monk was silent for a moment before he went on.

"Giovanni disappeared for two days. When he came back his face was that of a madman still. He was met by a white funeral winding up the little path. You understand, Signor,—a virgin's funeral. Giovanni was hurrying blindly past when they stopped him.

"There was no reproach spoken for what he had done, no bitterness, only a kind of awe—and pity.

"Rosa had died on her knees in the nunnery at the exact time he stabbed yonder picture. And they told him months afterward that her face was strangely like that of the Virgin when they found her,—beautiful and pleading and said: 'There was no given cause for her death—there are things we cannot understand. She was praying for strength, the sisters said.'"

THE monk ceased speaking, and for a long moment they sat silent, Blagden and the withered, white-haired man, staring mutely up at the beautiful face above them. It was Blagden who broke the silence.

"What do you think happened?" he asked slowly.

"I do not know," said the monk.

There was another pause, then Blagden spoke again.

"Anyway," he said, brushing his hand across his eyes, "she paid in part the debt Giovanni owed his God."

"Yes?" said the monk softly. "I wonder, Signor! For I am Giovanni."

"Giovanni went mad when they told him."

Children Who Have Made Good

Henry Matthews and the boy he rescued.

ON March 26, 1912, Ben J. Grant, Jr., the two-and-a-half-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben J. Grant of Dothan, Alabama, slipped away from his nurse and wandered into a deserted cellar, where he fell into a 13-inch bored well lined with terra-cotta piping. The well was 40 feet deep, with mud and water in the bottom. The fall did not injure the child, except for a few bruises, and the water wasn't deep enough to drown him. His cries soon attracted attention, and before long hundreds of people were gathered about the well, trying to find a way to rescue him. He was too young to tie a rope securely around himself; and the well, being but 13 inches in diameter, was too small to admit the body of a man.

While the crowd was debating, a thirteen-year-old boy named Henry T. Matthews, rode up on a bicycle, sized up the situation, and said he would go down into the well. It was necessary to let him down head first, so ropes were made fast about his feet, and then fastened around his shoulders. When he was ready, he gave the word to let him down. He reached the little boy, and gave the word to haul him out; but, ten feet from the bottom, the boy slipped from his hold. The fall back did an harm, but the crowd on top held its breath. Henry went down again, and this time brought out the boy's big sun hat, made of straw, which fitted the well casing closely.

He was again let down, and this time he fastened a rope around the boy and safely brought him out.

The matter was referred to the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, which presented Henry with a bronze medal and $2,000, to be used for his education.

WORKING daily as a mish-girl in a big department store in Haverhill, Massachusetts, is a sixteen-year-old child, Nellie Watts, who practically supports her parents and ten brothers and sisters. Her father is a floater, who picks up odd jobs now and then, but has seldom worked steadily at any job.

A crude, uncultivated, unkempt little girl was Nellie when she received her job as rush-girl. One of the women managers of the store became interested in her and talked with the child about her problems, helping her with good advice. Nellie began to save her money by hiding pennies, until she had collected sufficient to secure a bank-note. These, as she acquired them one by one, she rolled up tightly and hid in the long neck of a china vase.

In the summer evenings, upon returning from work, she donned overalls and painted the house. Many nights she sat patiently until midnight, making clothing for the younger children. She taught her brothers to press their own clothing, by garbing them in long shirts and playing that they were laundrymen.

She has never earned more than six dollars a week; but she has kept the family together on this meager wage.

ONE of the picturesque figures seen at the New York Zoological Park recently was a fifteen-year-old boy modeling wild animals at close range. He is Avard Fairbanks, who comes from Salt Lake City, Utah, and who has made up his mind to become an animal sculptor. His ambition is to model wild animals with strict fidelity to their natural postures. He has already "made good"; for as a result of his perseverance he has won two scholarships in one of New York's leading art schools. Several of his animal models are now being exhibited in the Building of Fine Arts at the Panama Exposition.

The boy who models wild animals.

She supports her family.

Nehemiah Ross, who made good.

Norman Barnes; he made $100 in vacation farming one acre of land.

Catherine Nourse, who rides eight miles every day to school.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Catherine Nourse rides eight miles a day on her burro, Dandy Pasar, to school, four miles down a mountain in New Mexico. One morning in January, 1915, it was snowing hard; but Catherine was so anxious not to miss school that her mother finally consented and watched the little girl start down the mountain. About noon the storm became a blizzard. Toward night the storm was so bad that Catherine's mother decided to leave her three younger children alone and go in search of her daughter.

She found the little girl two miles away, almost exhausted. She was clinging with her arms around the saddle-horn, with her face down on the burro's neck. Her mother got her home and put her to bed, intending to send for the doctor (who was forty-five miles away) next day. But when morning came Catherine was up early, with a ravenous appetite, and showing no evidences whatever of her experience.

NEHEMIAH ROSS reached his thirteenth birthday anniversary on the day that his father died. The father had always taken good care of his family; but after the funeral it was found that he had left them only their two-story farm-house. Young Nehemiah decided that it was up to him; and, without consulting his family, went to Manchester and got a job in a shoe factory at three dollars a week.

His duties were to open the cutting room at half past six in the morning and to have the floors swept before the cutters arrived at seven o'clock.

While sweeping his floors, the boy had noticed tags, torn from leather bales, strewn about on the floor. He learned that they were used in measuring the leather, for it was before the day of the measuring machines. He took the tags home and night after night pored over the fractional dimensions of each skin to learn the number of square feet in each, estimating the number of shoe uppers that could be cut from each skin.

Nehemiah had been working a year when the assistant foreman became ill. One day the owner came to the cutting-room and asked the foreman who could measure leather.

Nehemiah, overhearing the conversation, pushed forward, saying, "I can." "Why," said the gruff old man, "you could not lift a hide!" "No; but if some one will lift them, I will do the measuring."

Nehemiah's rise from that time on was rapid. To-day, at the age of eighteen, he is office manager, at a salary of $2,500 a year.

NORMAN BARNES, a fourteen-year-old Chicago high school student, last year cleared more than $100 on one acre of land and won five prizes at a vegetable and corn exhibit.

On moving to a small farm near Chicago, which the family had rented for the summer, Norman made a bargain with his father for all he could make out of one acre, after paying expenses, agreeing to take care of the horse in return for its use.

He fixed up an old cultivator that he found in the barn, and in return for helping a neighbor received all the corn and seed potatoes he needed. The farmer also helped him plant it. Besides corn and potatoes, he planted tomatoes, melons, sunflowers, cabbage, turnips, and lettuce.

His tomatoes brought $9.70, or at the rate of $443 an acre. He sold 360 melons for $15.75, or at the rate of $720 an acre.

Photograph by the World Film Company.

TO take the film "Alias Jimmy Valentine," Maurice Tourneur built a fifty-foot platform, sent his camera man to the top of it, climbed up himself, and went to work. Below him was the bank, set for one of the famous scenes of this problem thriller. Ordinarily it is impossible to take more than two sides of one room in a movie. Tourneur took the whole of three rooms with one camera. He did it with this platform; and the resulting film showed three different bits of acting by three different sets of actors in three different rooms all at once. The fact that the platform was not strong enough the first time—that it almost threw the camera man and director to the floor below—is a detail. It was rebuilt and the picture went on

Photograph by Lasky

SIDNEY OLCOTT is an "abroad" man, one who has been sent all over the world with his company of three or four, to film stories in a real atmosphere. This photograph was taken in the desert, five hundred miles above Cairo, Egypt, on the River Nile. All the actors were natives, with the exception of four Americans. Handling such men and women is a profession in itself, and that to which a number of directors have ever been sent across the seas

CECIL DE MILLE ranks almost with Griffith among the great producers. His work is, however, of an entirely different character; for de Mille graduated from the very highest class of dramatic productions into the movies. He was for years a close associate of David Belasco, and to-day he produces the Belasco Broadway successes on the screen. He is shown here directing Edgar Selwyn (in costume). Irwin Cobb is standing at the left.

Photograph by the Vitagraph Company

RALPH INCE, with his hand on one leg of the camera tripod, is the train wrecker of the movies. Two of his productions were built around train wrecks, and each wreck cost more than ten thousand dollars. In this picture he is shown directing the production of "The Goddess." To the right are Anita Stewart and Karl Williams.

Photograph by the Fox Film Corporation.

THE man with the megaphone in the picture on the right is J. Gordon Edwards, director of the famous "Million Dollar Mystery." He is shown here directing Tolstoy's "Resurrection." In the left-hand picture is Marshall Farnum, the wild-animal director of the movies.

Photograph by the Fox Film Corporation.

Photograph by the Motion Picture Company

DIRECTOR LAWRENCE B. McGILL. *The man with his hands on his hips—was managing a "ten, twenty, thirty" house in a small town not so long ago. McGill went to set a Western melodrama on his own indoor stage at the theater. Now he takes pictures on the ground he exploited for so many years. Incidentally, strange as it may seem, he takes those wild Western pictures in New York State. This scene features Dorothy Donnelly, who is shown in Indian costume.*

MACK SENNETT. *the man with the derby hat, made Ford Sterling, and when the latter up and left him, along came Charlie Chaplin. Sennett is a Keystone man, master of slapstick, maker of comedians, star comedian himself. He can tell other men how to get the laughs and, if necessary—he can step within the lines of focus and get them himself. What he can think of in a moment of leisure speaks for itself in this photograph. Water plays a large part in comedy. Scenes that once had to be taken in parks can be taken now in the studio itself: to the infinite relief of the actors and of the park police.*

LON CHANEY is one of the men who are good enough to hold down a job as director of Universal City, California. He works with the godlike Western Kerrigan, shown leaning against the camera. This picture might have been the Kentucky mountains, the barefoot girl a member of a poor white family. Kerrigan, the wandering artist. Might have been! That is what it was; it could not be anything else. And there you have Chaney. He can find some spot in Universal City that suits any scenario, from a Kentucky mountain feud to a desert island shipwreck.

"DAVID W." is the acknowledged peer of them all. He it was who first put the "cut-back" and the "close-up" to good use. But that alone is not the cause of his fame. He is a man of imagination. Griffith astonished America with two-dollar moving picture shows, made a success of them, and earned ten thousand dollars a week for his company with "The Birth of a Nation." No theater manager would take the chance. Griffith leased one of the largest houses and took the risk himself.

Watching Directors Make the Films

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THERE is no moving picture director in this photograph, but it shows, nevertheless, the work of three fiery potentates. Here on this rolling beach, which is part of the coast of Florida, United States of America, is the setting of a picture that is to be filmed on the desert of Sahara. The director is not going to Africa to take it, and at his orders the home of an African prince is being built. The camera will have its back to the tumbling Atlantic, but the film will show an ocean in the desert. Thus does the versatile director handle his foreign scenes.

Teach Every American Man to Shoot

Then We Shall Never Be Invaded

IN Switzerland the government issues rifles and ammunition to the male citizens of that little republic for annual home training. In fact the Swiss policy of universal training in marksmanship for the citizenry is ideal for a free republic, and it might well be taken as a model by us. Switzerland can mobilize a force of five hundred thousand trained riflemen for defense on very short notice. Their system of rifle training costs about six millions a year, whereas our little standing army costs one hundred and twenty millions a year. The Swiss training is done without interfering with the economic conditions of the republic, and as a result Switzerland has an efficient fighting force without being saddled with any form of militarism or heavy taxation for military purposes.

THE agitation in Congress on the state of our national defense will probably bring about the adoption of a more rational military policy, and any plan adopted, to be complete, must take into consideration the establishment of a reserve for both the army and the National Guard. This is the consensus of opinion of our military experts and the Secretary of War himself. Such reserve must have some attraction, however beyond that of making annual or quarterly reports of their home addresses to the War Department. Some effort must be made to keep the members of the reserve in partial training.

An efficient but expensive method would be to have annual or biennial ten-day camps of instruction, but a far better method of training, and one that would appeal directly to the men themselves, would be instruction in rifle practice. Canada has a reserve composed of rifle clubs, which is most efficient. The rifle clubs of England proved their value during the present war and the members of such clubs were used to a large extent. Lord Kitchener appreciated the value of rifle training for recruits when he urged the British War Department to see that all recruits were given a thorough course of rifle instruction. Such instruction fits in naturally with democratic ideas, and would appeal to the men of this country, as it would not interfere with business, especially if rifle ranges were allowed to be opened on Sunday, as they are in continental countries.

Our sister republic in the South, Argentina, has demonstrated what can be done along these lines. During 1913 she spent $464,900.54 in teaching marksmanship to her citizens, and 275,850 men were instructed. The government maintains 123 ranges.

In this country we have millions of young men physically fit for soldiers who could be rendered efficient by rifle training, and this result could be accomplished with a minimal expenditure of money by the general government. Emphatically all plans that contemplate a grand expansion of the standing army must be rejected. In working out a scheme of national rifle training the best way is would be obtained by working through organizations already established such, for instance, as the public schools of the country. It would seem clear that any comprehensive scheme of developing marksmen must consider the proposition of instructing the rising generation, for the schoolboy of to-day may be the defender of our country to-morrow. There are over twelve million boys between the ages of twelve and twenty in this country. Take only a small proportion of the most available of these lads, and we should have a force of quantity volunteers that would mean much to our national defense. Just following out the principles laid down by Von der Goltz, who in his book "Conduct of War" says, "The best military organization is that which makes use of the intellectual and material resources of the nation available for the purpose of carrying a war to a successful issue."

Train only a small proportion of the 10,000,000 boys in the country and we should have a citizen soldiery that any enemy would fear.

There are a few girls' rifle clubs already. Think what it could mean to the health of the race if every girl were given regular annual outdoor practice on a rifle range.

NEXT to the policy of generous appropriations for annual battleship construction, we need a policy of annual range construction throughout the country, especially when we take into consideration that such cities as New York and Chicago, with their millions of available volunteers, have no facilities whatever for the training of such volunteers in the proper handling of the army rifle. The longer the government puts off adopting such a policy, the more difficult it will become, owing to the rapidly increasing value of land, to get appropriations to put it into operation. A rifle range near either of these large cities would be kept busy the year round, or as long as the weather would permit, not only with the training of the National Guard and members of civilian rifle clubs, but college and school boys as well. These ranges should be under the direct control of the War Department, with commissioned and non-commissioned army officers to charge as instructors. To-day there are only three cities in the United States with a population of over one hundred thousand that have rifle ranges in close proximity. When the day comes that every large city has such a range that day will mark the end of all anxiety as to our ability to defend our country from any invader who should have the temerity to land forces on our shores.

Albert S. Jones

We have only 250 rifle clubs, and their work is so desultory that in 1913 only 464 members qualified as marksmen.

We don't want a big standing army. What we want is every man and boy trained to be of use when needed.

Who Was Marie Dupont?

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

Illustrations by Frank Snapp

"Amaranth!" She reeled and would have fallen if Hugh had not saved her

HUGH drew a chair up close to hers [illegible] Then she drew a long, hard breath and looked away.

"That was how he knew then?"

Knowing that she meant Amaranth, Hugh nodded.

"And Mr. Gavock, he recognized me too?"

[illegible] back to you, [illegible]

She shook her head. "Why [illegible] necklace, never [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] could not have been hers."

"Probably not."

"They were mine, then. But what was doing with her coat and her necklace? [illegible]

THE questions were not addressed to Hugh, but to herself; and after them she paused, as if waiting for answers not from him but from herself. [illegible] jewels to wear—they belonged to the family—and every one knew about them [illegible]

"I'm sure of that, dear," Hugh said [illegible]

"My heart [illegible] Marie."

[illegible]

She [illegible] ing into the fire. Hugh watched her face, so unlike [illegible] self, and he longed to comfort her [illegible] love surged [illegible] that at such a moment [illegible] an offense.

WELL, he is free now. And [illegible] That is true, [illegible]," he answered. "But [illegible] to go through [illegible] proof of your iden- [illegible]

[illegible]

"Don't brood over what [illegible]," he begged. "Try to forget and [illegible]. And some [illegible]

[illegible] eyes, filled with grateful tears, rested on his face, and they sat in silence, look- [illegible]

[illegible]

—an operation."

[illegible]

"I shall never have peace until I know the truth. I must know what [illegible] real place in life is and take it, no matter what it is or where. I have no right here. I live in comfort while those who love me are in want. [illegible] The doctors said [illegible] operation that was the only way [illegible]

[illegible]

"Listen, Marie," he said finally. "There [illegible]. We'll go to Paris and try again to find your people. We have [illegible]

[illegible]

"You may never have been [illegible] face."

[illegible] try an operation."

"I can't let you do it!" Hugh protested.

[illegible]

lived happily together, the three of us, haven't we?"

"Yes."

His hands closed round hers with a firmer pressure as he [illegible]

[illegible]

Hugh.

[illegible]

SHE drew back a little from him [illegible]

[illegible] how it is with me, dear. It's been so for years."

"I didn't think—I didn't dream—" She broke off [illegible]

[illegible]

take you to a doctor to-morrow and [illegible]

[illegible] must go to bed and sleep. Promise me that."

[illegible]

[illegible] he answered.

He listened until the sound of her steps had died away in the upper hall. Then entering his study he sought in his desk for the address of the surgeon whom his

friend Dr Starbird and so strongly recommended. Presently he came upon the card upon which he had written it:

"Dr Louis Aubert, 80 East 54th Street."

CHAPTER XX

GAVOCK awoke late, and his first conscious thought was the [illegible] which he had fallen asleep: If [illegible] with Dr Aubert?

[illegible] supported, but he did not feel free to follow it. He must take no [illegible] part becoming involved in the affair. He had decided for Anastasia's sake. That had been unavoidable and he did not regret it. Now however his first duty was to her. If Aubert believed himself to be the owner of the cross, it was possible that he would make trouble for the girl, as he had threatened.

On the other hand there was a possibility—a strong one Gavock felt—that the doctor had come by the cross dishonestly, that he had even been concerned in its disappearance seven years earlier. In that case he would not dare to move openly in attempting to recover it, and Miss Lowther would be safe from publicity regarding it. But she would not be secure from annoyance, as he must certainly go to her first and she in the end must send him to Gavock.

Concerning his own course Gavock had not made up his mind. He had declined on the previous night to tell Sixmere how the cross had come into his hands. But it was quite on the cards that he would have to do it, and this would do[illegible]ry to Dr Louis Aubert.

How this would result for the Frenchman Gavock had no idea. If the latter had come by the cross honestly all would be well and good; but if not—well, Gavock did not fancy himself in the rôle of the catcher. Aubert should have fair warning.

He finally wrote the following:

"I [illegible] to inform you that the jeweled pendant left in my care with the instructions that it be exemplified to you this morning has been identified as the famous Cross of Kossovar by Count Emil Sarapeva, by whom [illegible] claim has been made to it [illegible] mailed at [illegible] possibility of [illegible]

Written and sealed, Gavock put the letter into his pocket. He decided to send it by a messenger after breakfast.

[illegible] ot ing with a reentory smile the inquiring glances that greeted her stepped back [illegible] as he was scheduled for an operation at the hospital in twenty minutes. She was [illegible] that he would not be late for [illegible] equally sure that he must stop [illegible] ar[illegible]ments. Opening a [illegible] publicist as she knew would be required. The doctor could then determine at a glance the aids to[illegible] needed.

Her selection made, she closed the cab[illegible] turning away when the [illegible] the [illegible] next moment the door leading from the hall to the consulting-room was opened and Dr Aubert entered.

He strode past her without a word, and picked up a small pile of letters lying on the desk.

"This all the mail?" he asked sharply, dropping the letters again.

"Yes, sir."

"No telegrams, messages, nothing?"

"No, sir."

She handed him the sheet upon which [illegible]s for the day were listed. He glanced rapidly down it, running finger on the hand that held it. It was trembling.

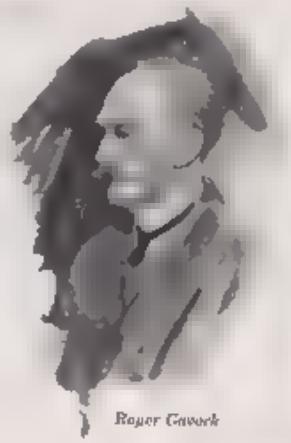
Miss Birkett had moved over to the table beside the examining couch. "I've selected the instruments I thought you'd want," she remarked.

He jerked his shaking hand to his side. "I can't operate to-day. Telephone them to give the case to Dr Mason—say I'll explain later."

"Yes, sir," she replied, astonishment evident in her tone.

"And tell them to cancel me for to-morrow and next day. I'm [illegible] to Chicago."

"Yes, sir." She started for the door.



Roger Gavock

Then paused. "The waiting-room is full," she began.

"Send them away, [illegible] sir," she said, and a [illegible] a furtive glance of wonder.

He caught it and gave a startled frown. "Wait," he snapped. He looked at his watch. "I'll see as [illegible] up. Send some one [illegible] I never will."

"Yes, sir."

[illegible] case of [illegible] which Mrs. Thorley would bring Marie in for examination. In this [illegible] the girl would be shortly [illegible] been the earliest arrivals, their turn for a consultation was not long in coming.

Hugh made his story very brief, giving such details as bore on the psychological aspects of the case. Dr. Aubert listened attentively, asked a few questions and observed:

"I should say that in the circumstances your wisest course will be to let well enough alone."

"We have acted on that belief for seven years," Hugh answered. "But my ward now feels that it is her duty to [illegible] for the sake of [illegible] parents or relatives."

"But surely her identity could have been established through inquiry."

"Every effort in that direction failed."

"I see. Well, as an example of loss of memory the case is very rare, but it is [illegible] The mental condition was no doubt caused either by physical injury or mental shock. If by the latter an operation would of course do [illegible] good another strong mental shock might say, for instance, the sudden sight of a person whom she had known well in the forgotten period of her life."

"We have no means of providing such a shock, unfortunately."

"If on the other hand, there was a physical injury, a blow on the head, causing pressure on the brain, an operation that would remove the pressure might effect a cure. But you say that the physician who examined her after the accident and the specialists who saw her later found no evidence of such a blow."

"None whatever."

"Of course I could convince myself on [illegible] point only by a personal examination. I do not wish to disparage the skill of my colleagues; but it is possible they [illegible] mistaken. We are all human. How long has it been since an examination of the skull was made?"

"About six years."

"Indeed! In that case it is possible that your ward did strike the head, but in such a way as to press heavily [illegible] without causing an abrasion of [illegible] so that the injury was not apparent—at the time."

"I don't believe that is probable," Hugh declared. "The car struck her and threw her to one side of the road. She was badly bruised."

"No doubt you are right [illegible] ning. Now if there was a [illegible] suggested [illegible] would probably be [illegible] thickening of the scalp a [illegible] barely appreciable indi[illegible] [illegible] ure. If such [illegible] [illegible] ads [illegible]

[illegible] injury has [illegible] power [illegible] only speculate. Would you [illegible] me to make an ex[illegible]," said Hugh. "I will [illegible] our building to the waiting-[illegible] to Mrs. Thorley [illegible]" she said. "He is waiting to see if there's an answer."

[illegible] " rasped Aubert. [illegible] the room. They [illegible] Miss Birkett had [illegible] trumpets from [illegible] eyes falling upon the [illegible] she drew back with a little [illegible] door and doctor [illegible] [illegible] reading his note.

"Any answer, Doctor?" came presently in Miss Birkett's clear professional tones.

Aubert was staring at the paper in his hand, and at the question he threw his head up sharply, turning. "No," he said, adding to the others, with a wave of his hand toward chairs, as he began fitting [illegible] back in its wrapper. "Please be [illegible]."

Mrs. Thorley sat down at once, and Hugh stepped toward Marie to place a chair for her. But the strangeness of her demeanor [illegible]

SHE was standing rigid, her head thrust forward. Her eyes, narrowed upon Aubert's face, glittered with hate. Her right arm was bent and she held the clenched hand pressed against her breast. It was the attitude of an enemy crouching to spring. So amazed was Hugh that he could not move.

Then Aubert turned, and on the instant the girl leaped at him.

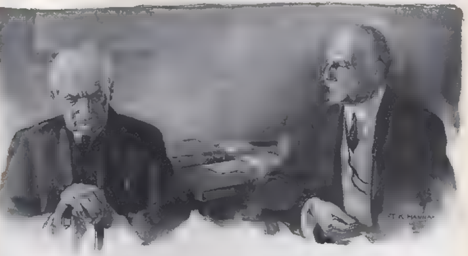
"Assassin! Assassin!" she screamed, as her right hand shot out above her head, showing the glint of [illegible]

[illegible] then stood as if rooted to the spot with [illegible] error.

"Look out, look out!" Hugh called to him, and jumped toward Marie. But before he had reached her she had reached Aubert, she stopped as short in her spring as though a bullet had pierced her heart. Her upraised arm fell heavily, she reeled, and would have fallen if Hugh had not saved her. From her relaxed hand a surgical knife clattered to the floor.

Instantly the room was in commotion. Mrs. Thorley was crying excitedly. Miss Birkett, gone to dismiss the messenger who had brought the note, came hurrying back. A man in the waiting-room opened the door, and others crowded [illegible] him.

Hugh carried Marie to a room [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



The Unscrambling

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustration by T. K. Hanna

HIS long illness had worn Hallmeyer down to a trembling shadow of his former hearty self. [illegible] chauffeur helped him out of the limousine and steadied him with a [illegible] his arm as he crossed the walk [illegible] the elevator.

"That will do. Wait in the car," said [illegible] manage alone from [illegible]

[illegible]

He stepped carefully from the car, like a sick man not fully recovered, using his cane to steady himself. The door with the words "Alberg, Roland, Hedder & [illegible]arlington Entrance" was directly [illegible] [illegible] law firm.

"Mr. Alberg is waiting for you, Mr. Hallmeyer. [illegible] Wil[illegible] [illegible]"

[illegible] and the word "Private."

The building, the door, and [illegible] room were all familiar to Hallmeyer. For [illegible] corporation [illegible] consider before he was stricken. As the [illegible] entered Alberg rose, and held out one hand to grasp the hand of his old friend [illegible]

"The [illegible] Henry [illegible] You [illegible]

[illegible]

"Oh, nonsense! You'll outlive all of us fellows yet."

"Perhaps—perhaps. They may be right. But the old spring is gone, Joseph. The old snap isn't in me any more. That won't come back."

"It will [illegible] them again. They can't make me believe anything else. I know you too well, Henry."

Alberg was older than his client, perhaps ten years older [illegible] years of careful living had given his face a certain thin refinement. His hands were white and smooth, except for the heavy [illegible] young [illegible] the legal work of many vast corporations and he hardly thought of himself as other than a brain [illegible] had built up to govern [illegible] had been selected to protect and care for that [illegible] precious jewel [illegible]

He watched [illegible]

[illegible] a different type [illegible] had been ruddy and [illegible] relentless strength and powerful [illegible] remnant of himself.

"I [illegible] you have taken this risk of [illegible] here. When [illegible] your stroke we were, you [illegible] discussing the possibility of Hodges making trouble in the courts if we forced the [illegible] into your hands. [illegible]"

The sick man raised his thin hand. "It [illegible] that I came to see you. [illegible]

[illegible]

"No, [illegible] perhaps. And I have a daughter [illegible] Cornelia. Do you know what [illegible] has done?"

"Nothing, I [illegible]"

"He has asked Cornelia to marry him," said Hallmeyer.

"[illegible]" exclaimed Alberg. "The rascal!" And he said nothing [illegible] it is fine—fine. She is a lovely girl, Henry. She is one out of ten thousand. It will be an honor to have such a girl for a daughter-in-law."

Suddenly he noticed that there was no answering enthusiasm in Hallmeyer's eyes, only a leaden heaviness.

[illegible] going

[illegible] folded his hands over the top of his cane [illegible]

[illegible]

She knows [illegible] Hallmeyer. She knows she is all I have. Even if I were well, I think she would have [illegible] your boy [illegible] consent. That was the way she was [illegible]

[illegible] her my consent yet."

Alberg fingered his watch chain. "In a [illegible] boy. You are right to be careful before you part with a daughter [illegible] Cornelia but my boy will bear investigation, Henry [illegible]

[illegible] chain. He was thinking rapidly, as only he could think, considering one possible [illegible] other. He waited, knowing Hallmeyer would speak. It was to speak evidently [illegible] head inclined forward, studied his own hands, which tightened and loosened on the head of his cane convulsively.

"Joseph," he said at length, "you have helped me put through many deals since [I] put my affairs into your hands."

"Many [illegible] Henry."

"You and I have scrambled many eggs together, as they say now," said Hallmeyer. "We scrambled them well. Many eggs have gone [illegible] making of my [illegible] They say an omelet cannot be unscrambled."

[illegible]

"We scrambled them [illegible] Joseph, I want [illegible] the eggs."

"IT cannot be done," said Alberg slowly. His [illegible] worthy of his best efforts. He, if all [illegible] that would send him crashing from the wall but all the king's horses and all the [illegible] corporation lawyers [illegible] Dumpty together again. The [illegible] was scrambled [illegible]

[illegible] a man to break two eggs and scramble them? How long would it take a man to [illegible] yolks, and gather the whites, and recover the shells, and patch together the white [illegible] would put the eggs together again as they

were before. And we have scrambled hundreds of eggs."

Hallmeyer nodded his head

scrambled. All your resources would not begin to suffice. Let us say you are worth five millions. One hundred millions would not be enough to do what you suggest. If you alone had received the omelet, your wealth would not be sufficient, and hundreds of others have received their bits. No, it cannot be

Hallmeyer gazed at his hands.

"And there is no need to do it," said Alberg. "It is a sick man's fancy. Who has suffered by your operations? No one, Henry. If you had been a cut-throat financier I should not say this. You have wrecked no corporations. You have robbed no stockholders. You have not cheated the public. If in building up the International you absorbed a hundred small concerns, you gave full value. You gave stock in the new and bigger corporation each time."

"Yes," said Hallmeyer.

"And the stock is worth more now than when you gave it. Your concerns have been well managed. They pay good dividends. No one wants your eggs unscrambled, Henry. For every hundred-thousand-dollar egg you scrambled you gave a hundred thousand dollars in stock—and that stock is worth what now? One hundred and eighty thousand. You have been fair and honest. I can't understand you. It is a sick man's fancy."

HALLMEYER folded and unfolded his hands.

We [illegible] for many years. We both began at the bottom of the ladder."

"I started at the very bottom," Alberg [illegible]

"I have never told you how you became [illegible]," said Hallmeyer. "It does not [illegible]

"And I from Frankfort, a boy with [illegible] parents," said Hallmeyer; "so poor we were all in rags. You know how I [illegible]

[illegible] a shoestring," said Alberg.

"Actually with a shoestring, or little more. With a bundle of shoestrings, peddling them on the street.

"I also," said Alberg. "I peddled. I peddled needles and pins [illegible] all such things. Then I [illegible] in hot rain [illegible] at night. Then I studied law. And here I am! There are many of us. This is the land of small beginnings."

"And you are proud of what you have accomplished?"

"Yes."

"And I am [illegible] meyer [illegible] done. I am like a [illegible]

[illegible] whole house is rotten, Joseph [illegible] rotten as I have [illegible] have been [illegible] deep nearer death than [illegible] would tell

"For weeks I have been there on my bank—thinking' thinking' thinking! And this is what I thought: I am an important man. I am a wealthy man. I have millions. I can do it, I must, and my Cornelia will be well cared for. She will have my fortune, and it is a big fortune and a clean [illegible] I have tried to build big business out of little businesses. I have been a builder, not a wrecker."

"Just as I told you a [illegible]e ago," said Alberg.

"Just as you told me," said Hallmeyer wearily.

He sat lost in thought for a moment, while Alberg fingered a gold chain, waiting.

"I had enough time to think things over," Hallmeyer went on. "Joseph, a man's fortune is like a pyramid if he works up from nothing, like you and me. It is like a pyramid inverted, standing [illegible] its point. We build these inverted pyramids, steadying them with our hands and our brains, adding stone to stone, and if they stand, if we are able to hold them large, with so many trying to push them over,—we have a right to be proud."

"And no one has more right than you, Henry," said Alberg.

"If they are staunch and firm and honest we have a right to be proud," said Hallmeyer unheedingly. "If they are all that, then when we are old and sick and on our backs, we can look at what we have done and be proud. We do not have time while we are building. We are too busy then. But when we grow old we have time, if we are sick and have nothing else to think of. I was very near death, Joseph."

"Yes."

"Yes, very near death. The dollars did not matter when I was so near death. That I had plun[illegible] not matter. I lay thought about how I [illegible] ouilded my pyra[illegible] I thought back from what I had done the day I had the stroke. I went over deal after deal, going backward. I wanted to assure myself that each stone was an honest stone, honestly got, and honestly cemented into its place. If any stone was dishonest I wanted to go back and wrench it out and put [illegible] honest stone in its place. Whe[illegible] is near death the dollars do not matter. So I thought backward, Joseph, and it was all good [illegible] d and honest from the time I began [illegible] test a financier."

"I have never done a tricky thing," said Alberg.

"It was all good [illegible] I began to la[illegible] lie [illegible]" nous voice. "The upper layers of my pyramid were good. So I [illegible] the next layer below those. I though[illegible] I was the business [illegible] I was making le[illegible] leather and buying and selling it, and beginning to buy out some of [illegible], struggling fellows. And all the [illegible] honest and good. I was satisfied with [illegible] There was nothing to be ashamed of. Had there been, I should have be[illegible] ashamed. I should have wanted to tear [illegible] that layer and th[illegible] it. But it was good.

"Go on," said Alberg g[illegible] y.

"I thought back to [illegible] hurt lovers."

Hallmeyer "much narrower than the one above it. I though[illegible] back to the time when I had the little jobbing store on the Bo[illegible]

[illegible] built on the dishonest dollars. But it was gone."

"And then?"

"Back still back," said Hallmeyer wearily. "Back to my penniless and the days when I peddled repaired shoes there on Baxter Street, and over by Mulberry Bend, and up and down the Bowery. I though[illegible] of those days day by day, and I was not ashamed of one of the cents that came to me in those days. Nothing I did then made it necessary for me to pull down my pyramid. Not a cent that I [illegible]

[illegible] eggs because of [illegible]ything I had done in those days. At [illegible] and then—

HALLMEYER threw out his hands with a gesture of despair and dropped his head upon his elbow. His cane fell clattering to the floor and Alberg bent down and picked it up. Hallmeyer raised his head again, but no light as in the old days.

All [illegible] resting on dia[illegible] [illegible]ered

and you are run down. Come now [illegible] you to your car. You w[illegible] a few days."

"All out, on [illegible] honesty," said Hallmeyer's lawyer's words. "Th[illegible]

five million of them [illegible] the [illegible] one from which they were ored [illegible] unworthy my pyramid. The point on which the whole pile rests is dishonest. The whole structure has sprung from [illegible] from a theft!"

He let his head fall again. For a while he did not speak. Alberg watched him closely, twirling his watch chain in his fingers.

"So you see," said Hallmeyer at length, as wearily as before, "I want [illegible] in the whole pile before I d[illegible] eggs. Joseph.

N[illegible] ioiet is tainted. I [illegible] It haunts me at night. I want to tear down all the stones until I com[illegible]

to take that dollar and give it to the p[illegible] for I can never find the man from [illegible]m I stole it. I want to die honest, Joseph."

"Henry," said the lawyer, "you are not well. You would not think [illegible] If you were well. It is morbid. And it is nonsense! You speak of [illegible] scrambled eggs. The eggs cannot be unscrambled."

"I thought you would say that," said Hallmeyer listlessly. "I was afraid you would say it. I was afraid of it myself. I wanted to be sure, and I knew you would know if any man knew. So that is why I have not let Cornelia give an answer to Roger yet. If I cannot unscramble the eggs, I must give everything away—every cent—every dollar! Men do that. Men may find purifies the wealth. For me and for mine the wealth is dishonest for the church, for hospitals, for charities only so much money to be used [illegible] good.

"If I cannot unscramble the eggs [illegible] can give the whole cursed mess away. And that is what I am going to do. And that is why Cornelia has not given Roger an answer. I will give all away—every thing! I will begin again in the street without a cent, as I began before."

THE lawyer put his hand stray to the row of neat little tubes, and hesitated [illegible] it in his finger on one of them. His [illegible]mise was to call Roger and let the youth tell for himself how little he cared for Cornelia's wealth; but Hallmeyer was speaking again.

"[illegible]" he said slowly. "that is what I will do. I will go into the street and begin again at the bottom. Begin again honestly, get rid of the v[illegible] I have grown from the foul seed and begin again. Do you know what I did? Do you know how I began in this country, how I got my first dollar?"

"As I began,—peddling," said Alberg.

"Shoestrings," said Hallmeyer. "peddling shoestrings. And do you know how I got my first stock? My father, when we landed, found a place [illegible] n a side tailor shop [illegible] Essex Street. He hardly made enough to keep us alive. I should have gone to work too, but I hung about the streets. America was so new, so much to see! But presently I grew tired of that. I found a chum who made money selling shoestrings and other things, and I wanted to make money too. There was a man, a German, a young fellow, who stood on a corner of the Bowery with a tray. Under this tray on the walk, he had a box in which he kept his extra stock. I used to stand on the corner and watch him sell.

"Once he asked me to watch his tray while he chased a boy who had snatched a pair of suspenders from the tray. While he was chasing the boy I stole four bundles of shoestrings from his box and stuffed them into my pocket. That was how I began business. I went to another corner and sold shoestrings. I sold the stolen shoestrings. On that is all my wealth founded. It is all tainted. It is all rotten, all of it, all the way through!"

ALBERG rose and went to the window that looked out over the East River, [illegible] hands into [illegible] keys and his [illegible] unseemingly on of the windu[illegible] When he turned he looked sorrowingly at

[illegible] each bundle. I missed them when [illegible] packed my box that night. I knew wh[illegible]

[illegible] and he had always [illegible]

[illegible] head suddenly, [illegible] asked Alberg full in the eyes. "You?"

Alberg laughed. "Oh, you w[illegible]

Henry."

He turned and pushed one of the [illegible] buttons.

"Send Roger in," he said to the [illegible] [illegible] appeared [illegible] answer [illegible] [illegible]rned to Hallmeyer again. "So [illegible] all right!" he said cheerfully. "If y[illegible] risk, of course I'll take your check [illegible] dollar, Henry. And if you insist enough you can add interest. And if you [illegible] badly about it, you can compound [illegible] interest. Anything to ease your [illegible] mind. I know just how you [illegible] yourself into this state—lying there [illegible] your back, feeling like the Sir Henry [illegible] and nothing to do but think."

"And it was you. And it was [illegible] Joseph," Hallmeyer repeated again.

[illegible] if you [illegible] does seem to me, Henry, that as Ro[illegible] going to get all I am worth when my t[illegible] comes, and Cornelia will get all that he[illegible] it would be nature a waste of good g[illegible] to spoil a shock. They'll get it all [illegible] dive anyway."

"So they will!" So they will!" said Hallmeyer, and he half rose as Roger ent[illegible]

"Young [illegible]," he said, "you are g[illegible] to marry my Cornelia. I wish you g[illegible] happiness. She is a good girl."

"And she has a good father," sa[illegible] ng, placing his hand on Hal[illegible] shoulder affectionately. "Come, [illegible] Roger, help Mr. Hallmeyer down to [illegible]"

"And it is all right, Joseph, an[illegible] about those shoestrings?" asked Hallmeyer with the first twinkle of his old [illegible] in his eye.

"Forgotten and forgiven!" said [illegible]

"Now take good care of yourself, B[illegible]ry," he said as he shook hands. "We [illegible] a wedding on our hands, you know."

HE walked back to his own office, [illegible] closed the door. He stood for a w[illegible] out of the window, [illegible] back to his desk and took up the t[illegible] of his day's work.

[illegible] mat over on him [illegible] he did steal those shoestrings?"

Here ends this instalment of

Who Was Marie Dupont?

Continued from page 14

ing eyes turned. A slight frown wrinkled the forehead above, as though with wonder, then a hand shot out and pressed the electric switch on the wall beside the bed, and as the room filled with light the hand moved swiftly, mechanically, toward a small enameled clock standing on the table at the head of the bed.

Hugh's heart gave a bound of joy and relief. She knew where she was then! The next instant she looked up at him.

"Hugh!"

Both hands flew to her breast with an instinctive movement of modesty; then, feeling her silk blouse under her fingers, she looked down at it in swift surprise, then back at him. She sat up.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed.

He hesitated a moment. "You have been ill," he said at last.

"Ill!"

On the word a change swept her face. With dilated eyes she stared at him.

"Did I kill him?" she gasped.

"No."

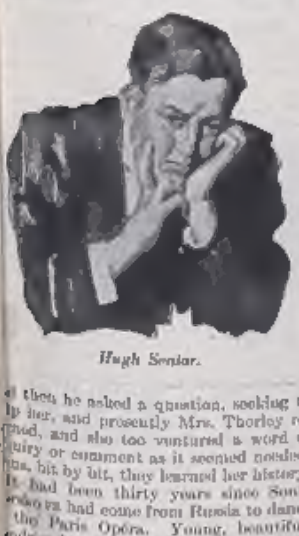
Her head sank into her hands and she sat shuddering; but only for an instant. Again she looked up, and he could see that she was struggling to recall some mental image that eluded her.

"I remember now," she murmured. "Some one called, 'Look out, look out!' It made me think of something—something that happened to me once—long ago, perhaps—I don't know. I was on the street—in Paris—it was dark—I heard a voice calling like that, 'Look out! Look out!'—twice. Then—then—" She paused and passed one hand over her face as though to brush aside something.

He did not speak, fearful of cutting the thread of memory that she seemed to have caught from the forgotten past; but suddenly she broke the silence with a sharp cry and flung herself face downward on her pillows, and her body shook with a storm of sobs. Then with a start she lifted her head up and looked at him.

"It's come back—it's all come back! I remember *everything*!"

THEN she talked, vaguely and disconnectedly at first, halting often for periods of silent probing of her mind. Now



Hugh Senior.

and then he asked a question, seeking to help her, and presently Mrs. Thorley returned, and she too ventured a word of inquiry or comment as it seemed needed. Thus, bit by bit, they learned her history. It had been thirty years since Sonia Orsikova had come from Russia to dance at the Paris Opéra. Young, beautiful, and ardently trained in her art, she soon had the city at her feet, and for three years her career was a triumph. Names among the greatest in France were offered her and rejected; for it was not love nor marriage that she wanted, but fame, adulation, power. The greater the distinction, wealth, and rank of the men who sought her, the higher she held herself above them. Then after three years the end came,—a dash of vitriol from the hand of a rival dancer had in an instant snatched from her all but mere existence.

In a darkened room the wretched girl lay for weeks trying to face the future. At first a stream of visitors besieged her door with anxious inquiries and their flowers made a bower of her apartment; but when it became known that the lovely face was changed beyond recognition admirers dropped away like rats from a sinking ship. All, indeed, but one! Each morning a small bouquet arrived with the same card, each day brought to the door the patient countenance of young Jean de Ravelle.

And so one day Jean de Ravelle was admitted, and he kissed the hand of Sonia and looked at her face; but he did not go away. Instead he stayed and told her of his home in the mountains near the line where France meets Spain, and something quickened in the dying heart of the dancer. Then one night she wound a veil about her head, and she and her lover journeyed from Paris and were married.

They lived alone; for Jean was an orphan, without sisters or brothers. For a time they were contented, and Jean, at least, was happy; for Sonia became the mother of twins, Alix and Jeannette.

THREE years passed. Sonia read of a surgeon in London who had cut the burnt skin from a woman's face and replaced it with skin from her body. Finally Jean was persuaded. Selling all that he owned in the world except the old château, which no one would buy, he took his family to London. The great surgeon did in some degree lessened Sonia's disfigurement; but the improvement did not permit her resuming her profession. So mit of her roaming the years, they dragged wearily through the years, Jean at his teaching, Sonia with a small dancing class, but for the most part listless and ill.

Then suddenly she took heart again. She had seen in her daughters a ray of light, an opening to a better future. They were brought from the country where they were boarding, and she began teaching them her art, training them relentlessly as she had been trained in Russia. With feverish eagerness she watched for results; and results came, for the children had inherited her aptitude.

Puzzlingly alike in appearance, they were unlike in temperament. Jeannette had her father's nature—unselfish, devoted, tender. In Alix, Sonia found reflected her own dominant will and spirit. And so it was upon Alix that the mother came gradually to center her hopes, to Alix that she told and retold the tale of her stage triumphs.

But Sonia never saw Paris again. She died when the girls were fifteen, in the obscurity that her soul had loathed.

The broken-hearted father planned to remain in London, hoping to get a little work to do, and also that his daughters might secure dancing pupils. But Alix rebelled. Her mother had talked so much of Paris that her one aim in life was to take Sonia's place before the footlights.

Finally they went to Palermo, where Alix obtained an engagement in a minor music hall. She made a success which in more importance might have led to advancement; but there—with one exception—the clientèle was too ignorant to know her worth. The exception was Dr. Felix Renoir, a young Frenchman who had come from Paris to study cerebral surgery.

Happening one evening to meet the girl on her way to the theater, he had followed her, and after the performance had sought an introduction. Gratified and flattered by the praise of a Parisian, she had encouraged his attentions, had received him at her home, and before she realized what was happening she had fallen madly in love. Perceiving that luck was with him, he played to win. Night after night Jeannette lay awake listening to Alix's repetitions of Renoir's stories of Paris and her ecstatic prophecies of what life would be when she and Felix were married.

Then one day, without a hint of his intention or a word of farewell, Renoir left Palermo. She learned the fact the following day, and afterward for hours in a hidden spot on the coast where they had often met she stared out across the water in a blind stupor or writhed in frenzy on the sand. Through storms of fury and despair she reached at last the calm of a resolved mind. Returning home, she said to her father, "Dr. Renoir has gone back to Paris," and to her sister as quietly, "He has deserted me," and after that his name was not spoken between them.

And now, secretly, she offered herself as a model to several foreign artists. To the American painter John Andrus she was soon giving all the time possible without arousing her father's suspicions, and every penny that he paid her she hoarded. Then one day, at his chance mention of Paris, a new plan was born to her.

"Will you take me to Paris if I marry you?" she asked him.

"Where else should I take you? That is where I live," he answered.

"Take me there. Then I will marry you," she said.

He shook his head. "I will take you only as my wife."

THE day on which she started for Paris came at last. That morning when her father was away occupied with pupils she packed her trunk and sent it to the dock. To the weeping Jeannette she said, "Tell father that I am married. Take him to the registry to see the names."

"But surely you will wait and say good-by to him!"

"When I am in Paris I will write. In the meantime you must take my place at the theater, so as not to lose the money. Stop crying and listen! I have left you my stage things. To-night you will dance in my place, and if you are careful no one will suspect the change."

"Alix, my darling Alix, I hope you will be very, very happy," sobbed Jeannette when the moment of parting had come. "You are going to Paris at last! And you will be *première* at the opera, as mother said."

Alix drew herself from the clinging arms and picked up her traveling bag. "I am not going to Paris to dance," she said as she turned away. "I am going there to kill a man!"

To be concluded next week

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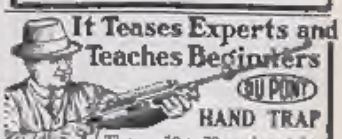

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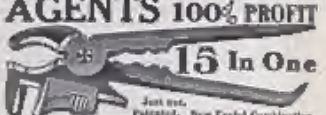

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Pitchers by Thousands

A room in the house of Mrs. Hensley, of Knoxville, containing some of her thousands of pitchers. She began collecting them when she was five years old.

PROBABLY the most remarkable collection of pitchers in the country is owned by Mrs. James Hensley, of Knoxville, Tennessee. Mrs. Hensley began making her collection when she was only five years old, and she now has more than two thousand specimens, of every conceivable shape, size, color, and material.

Arranged in cabinets, on mantels, over doors, windows, and other places about the rooms of her home, are quaintly designed pieces of gold, silver, copper, pewter, brass, ivory, glass, china, and pottery.

Pitchers Hundreds of Years Old

IN the collection are a number of pitchers that are hundreds of years old. One specimen—a low, squatty affair, purplish-black in color, with a handle in the shape of a scorpion—was dug up in a mound where the Aztecs established a pottery near Mexico City in the fifteenth century.

There are dozens of pitchers with fantastic designs of yellow pumpkins, black cats, jack-o'-lanterns, and other figures suggestive of Hallowe'en, while others, collected with the idea of pleasing the children, represent various characters from Mother Goose.

The "Pasture" and "Garden" Pieces

PERHAPS the most unique collections of all are those that Mrs. Hensley calls her "pasture" and her "garden." The first is composed of about seventy-five pieces decorated with cows and calves of high and low degree, and the latter of an equal number fashioned to represent products of the soil, such as ears of corn, watermelons, heads of lettuce, and various other kinds of vegetables.

She Was Caught Young

EXCELLENT care is being taken of "Miss Dinah," the three-year-old baby gorilla in the New York Zoological Park; for she is the only one of her kind in any Zoo. An adult gorilla, which weighs about four hundred pounds and stands five and one half feet high, owing to its savage nature, great strength and ferocity, can never be captured and exhibited alive. Only young specimens, like "Dinah," can be secured and civilized. The life history and habits of the gorilla are practically a mystery; even their geographical range is but partly known. Accordingly, "Miss Dinah" is treated with a great deal of respect, and is valued at five thousand dollars.

Every day this dusky débutante has her ride or sandbath for two hours. "Dinah" has broken all records in good behavior, habits, and appetite of these little known and remarkable members of the family of Great Apes. When about a year old she was captured in the dense jungles of the French Congo by a band of natives. After capture she was obtained by Professor R. L. Garner, who had been sent down by the New York Zoological Society to secure a fine specimen.

"Dinah" was kept for one year in a roomy native hut especially built for her. Her wild nature was changed by kind treatment, and, most important of all, she was trained to eat the food of civilization, a point in which she differs from all of the gorillas that have ever come from Africa.

"Dinah" is cheerful, affectionate, very lively and playful, and her appetite is fine. She weighs forty-two pounds, and stands three and one half feet high. A striking point in her appearance is the nose, with its half human elevation. Her whole face is jet-black, shiny, and smooth as polished ebony, and her large, liquid brown eyes make a distinct appeal to the observer.

Here is her elaborate daily menu:

8 A. M., a raw egg beaten up in milk.

10:30 A. M., fruits in season—apples, bananas, oranges, pears, or grapes.

11:30 A. M., bread or crackers, and water.

1:30 P. M., hot roast beef, broiled chicken, or lamb with gravy, mashed potatoes, and bread.

3 P. M., fruit and bread.

5:30 P. M., milk and a raw egg, as in the morning.

8:30, a drink of plain milk.

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Sunburned
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She Did It with Twenty Dollars

MARTHA R. BENDER, who teaches the Milwood district school in the paper mills neighborhood south of Kalamazoo, Michigan, thought the children under her care ought to have something but for lunch to supplement the rather sketchy little cold lots from home. So, without any agitation or theorizing pro or con, Miss Bender "put it over" as follows:

"When I started in last fall at the Milwood school, I told the school board of my plan, and asked them if they would help me. Two weeks later I received a check for twenty dollars.

"We had a little room that had been a library, but the books were too old for our pupils, so we stored them and used the money to fit up the room as a kitchen. A serving table and kitchen table were donated. Each child brought his own cup, plate, fork, and spoon, which were put in the cupboard.

"Each child brings three cents a week, which helps to buy staple articles used. We serve cocoa twice a week and creamed potatoes once a week. We serve some sort of salad once a week. The children bring things to be put in the salad, such as potatoes, celery, eggs, and nuts. Five days we serve some sort of baked dish, such as beans or macaroni and cheese.

"Two different children help each day, boys and girls, little and big. The children help to prepare the hot dish, and wash the dishes under supervision. They do this work at recess and at noon. Ten minutes before serving, the children who are to serve are excused from the room to prepare lunch. They place the places, napkins, and forks on the serving table, and move the table into the hall. The oldest child helping that day takes each plate as the children file by, puts a large spoonful of food on it, then hands it back to the child, who then goes to the cloakroom, gets his lunch-box, and goes back to his own desk. After luncheon they take their dishes to the serving table and the helpers wash them and put them away.

"The object of this plan is not only to improve the health and comfort of the children, but to teach them table manners, and how to buy, prepare, and serve food."

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How Railroad Presidents Are Made

As a result of the generosity and far-sightedness of the late Edward H. Harriman, a unique plan for the betterment of railroad employees throughout the United States has made rapid progress in the last two years. This plan, which Mr. Harriman conceived and caused to be put into operation on the Union Pacific Railroad, was the forming of an Educational Bureau, through whose offices the employees of the Harriman lines were offered an opportunity to increase their efficiency to assume greater responsibilities, and to fit themselves for promotion.

So successful has the venture proved that officials of practically all the railway companies in the United States are considering the advisability of adopting similar methods for the benefit of their own employees. As there are about 365 such companies, employing some 1,600,000 men, the possibilities for good—should this educational work be extended to each line, are enormous.

Through the agency of the Educational Bureau, every man in the employ of the Union Pacific can, without incurring any personal expense, avail himself of the benefits of some thirty courses of instruction, covering virtually every branch of railroad work. A central bureau has been established at Omaha, Nebraska, under the direction of Mr. D. C. Buell, who has the a score of assistants, including traveling representatives, instructors, etc.

Creating a Reserve Supply for Promotion

IN the words of Mr. Buell, the railroad is creating a reserve supply of better men, which will make it unnecessary for the officials of the Bureau's work. For this purpose there the road to go outside of their ranks for has been established in Chicago, in cotmen to fill responsible positions, as was operation with the Illinois Central Railfrequently the case in the past. The in- road, a classroom where young men terest of the employees themselves is in- graduates of telegraph schools are redicated by the fact that in the first year ceived and given a practical course in of the Bureau more than 50 per cent. of station and other clerical work. Here them voluntarily enrolled for courses. they are enabled to familiarize themselves with the actual work they will have All instruction is conducted by cor- to do when they enter the service. This respondence, thereby giving each em- course averages about four weeks, and ployee, no matter where he is located, an when a student has successfully equal opportunity to obtain the bene- completed it, he is immediately placed in a fits offered. The lessons are specially position as station agent's helper. Three prepared, and are approved by the heads months' acceptable service in this work of the departments interested before leads to the position of scheduled telethey are issued, thus putting the stamp grapher, and from then on promotion deof authoritative information on each pends entirely upon the man's ability lesson papers, including a pamphlet that explains just how to proceed with his studies. Each lesson contains a set of questions which the student must answer in order to qualify on that lesson and proceed with the next. The answers are corrected at the central office of the Bureau, and the report sent to the student, so that he can ascertain whether he has acquired an understanding knowledge of the subject.

One of the best things about the plan is the fact that lack of previous education does not prevent a man from taking a course. Some of the courses can be completed by any one who can read and write, while others require a knowledge of simple mathematics. In correcting the lessons, writing, spelling, and punctuation are not considered.

Should a student be unable to handle a problem in his lessons, an effort is made to explain it to him by correspondence. If this fails, one of the traveling representatives of the Bureau will call on him and clear up the difficulty.

The training of station helpers and clerks is another important part of the and attention to duty.

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One pint water, one-half pint milk, one Shredded Wheat Biscuit, one-sixteenth teaspoon salt, two teaspoons granulated sugar. Bring the water to a boil, then add the Shredded Wheat Biscuit and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire and add the milk, salt and sugar, then strain through a fine cheese cloth. When ready to use heat the required amount to 98° F., and give by means of a feeding bottle.

Thousands of babies have been saved by this Shredded Wheat Baby Food and we have hundreds of letters expressing the gratitude of mothers. A baby will thrive on this food when its stomach rejects all other foods. It contains the life of the wheat in a digestible form. We tell you more about it in our new booklet, "Building Better Babies" which is sent free for the asking.

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